

THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,

Santa Clara, California.

Under the management of the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus.

THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WAS FOUND-
ed in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated, with the
privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two
departments—the Classic and Scientific.

The College buildings are large and commodious,
while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gym-
nasiums, a swimming-pond, etc., afford every facility
for healthful exercise.

The College possesses a very complete philosophical
apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and
Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Telegraphy,
Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores
is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two ses-
sions of five months each, commences in August, and
closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, \$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending
of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attend-
ance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light per
year, 350 00

Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra
charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the
like, no advance made by the Institution.

For further particulars, apply to
REV. A. VARSIL, S. J., President.
Jan-1-f

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPO-
rated according to the laws of the State of Cali-
fornia, and empowered to confer academical honors,
commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Mon-
day, August 10th, 1872. The course of instruction em-
braces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once, \$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter, 62 00
Washing, per quarter, 12 00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter, 2 50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form ex-
tra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French,
Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing
and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in
advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage
to be present at the opening of the session. Jan-1-f

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

THIS Institution, chartered according to the laws of
the State of California, and empowered to confer
Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, pro-
verbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty
of its scenery.

The faculty is composed of the FATHERS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION OF St.
VINCENT DE PAUL, who devote themselves to pro-
mote the health and happiness, as well as the intellec-
tual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to
their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years,
who are competent to enter the primary course, and who
come with respectable recommendations, provided they
comply with the rules and discipline of the College,
which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of Eng-
lish and Classical Literature, the various branches of
Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also,
a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for
every branch of business.

TERMS:

For Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic
Year, \$250 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year, 30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, 8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month, 6 00
Vacation at the College, 40 00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named
instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass
instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a
charge of \$3 00 per month.

For further information, apply to
REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.
Jan-1-f

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short
distance from the sea, in the most delightful and
healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive,
and the building is large and convenient.
The course of instruction embraces the usual branches
of a thorough English education. Spanish is also
taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc.,
per annum, \$200 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, \$6 00 68 00
Guitar, per month, \$5 00 52 50

No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-
work, etc.

The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, com-
mences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday
of June.

For further particulars, apply to
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Santa Barbara, Cal.
Jan-1-f

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the recep-
tion of students on the 15th of October, 1855. It was
incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the
30th of April, 1859, and empowered to confer academ-
ical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted
by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough
Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education.
But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial
Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.
The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.
Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of
absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guard-
ians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offender to
the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

(No deduction is made except in case of long illness.)
Tuition, in Preparatory Department, \$3 00
" in Grammar Department, 5 00
" in Latin Department, 8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy,
and Chemicals, first year, per month, \$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per
month, 5 00
For each Academical Degree, 10 00
Jan-1-f

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco California.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough
Education, whether Classical, Scien-
tific, or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL
Course, receive the degree of A. B.; the Scien-
tific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial Course has been established for the
convenience of those who wish to acquire a good, prac-
tical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the
College, our own language receives special attention.
The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Com-
position and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and cor-
rected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing, \$250 00
Entrance Fee, 10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines, 5 00
Vacation at College, 40 00
Day Students, 60 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra
charges.
REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.
Jan-1-f

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County,
California.

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MOST
PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A
picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van
Duzen and Eel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville.
It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by
daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels
and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.
The course of studies is classical, scientific and com-
mercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teach-
ing the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mend-
ing linens, \$225.00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once, 10.00
Vacation at College, 40.00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class, \$60.00
Junior Class, 40.00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing, and modern
languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of
the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th
of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be ad-
dressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY,
Very Rev. P. HENNEBERY,
Superior.

St. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL,

Benicia, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST.
DOMINIC.

THIS Institution affords every facility for the acqui-
sition of a refined and solid education. The Acad-
emy was founded in 1850, and now ranks among the
most successful Educational Institutions in the State.

The course of instruction embraces the English,
French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocu-
tion, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Biog-
raphy, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy,
and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music,
including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Draw-
ing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry,
Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year, \$225 00
Washing, 45 00
Entrance Fee, 10 00

EXTRAS:

(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument, \$60 00
Organ " " 50 00
Guitar " " 50 00
Vocal Music, in Class, 20 00
Private Lessons, 40 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors, 30 00
Painting in Oils, 20 00
Board during Vacation, 40 00

The Academic Year consists of two equal terms, the
first commencing August 16th, the second, January 23d.
Pupils of any religious denomination will be received,
but, for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be
present at the regular religious services of the Institu-
tion.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are
charged for such portion of it as may remain. No deduc-
tion, however, will be made if the pupil is with-
drawn during the season, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, con-
sistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government,
will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed
at this Institution.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER
SUPERIOR.
my25-tf

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution conducted by
the FATHERS OF THE ORDER OF St. FRANCIS, will
commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this institution is to give a good Eng-
lish, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Educa-
tion at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in Cal-
ifornia—and thereby bring its advantages within the
reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,) \$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten
and a half months, 150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges.
Those who spend their vacations at the College will be
charged \$30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.
Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply
toilet articles, etc.
Money will not be advanced by the College; for the
purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be
deposited.

For further particulars, apply to
Jan-1-f REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTION

FOR THE

Education of Young Ladies,

San Juan, Monterey Co.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per annum, \$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once, 10
Tuition on Piano, per annum, 60
French, per annum, 25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month, \$3.00
Elementary and Senior, per month, 1.00
Tuition on Piano, per month, 6.00
French, per month, 2.50
No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

For Prospectus and further particulars apply to
SISTER CARMEN ARGELAGA,
Superior.
aug24-tf

CONVENT

OF THE

Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Gilroy.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per an-
num, \$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once, 10
Tuition on Piano, per annum, 60
French, per annum, 25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month, \$2.00
Elementary and Senior, per month, 3.00
Tuition on Piano, per month, 6.00
French, per month, 2.50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

For Prospectus and further particulars, apply to

SISTER RAYMUNDA CREMADELL,

Superior.

N. B.—The above Establishment is, also, the Noviti-
ate of the Order.
aug24-tf

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends
and acquaintances that he has opened that spacious
store, north-west corner of Merchant and Montgomery
streets, with a select stock of fine

FRENCH CLOTHS,

BEAVERS,

DOESKINS,

CASSIMERES

AND VESTINGS,

Which he will make up in the latest styles at greatly re-
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Merchant Tailor,

613 Montgomery Street.

M. GUERIN,

PRIZE BOOT MAKER,

327 and 329 Bush St.,

Between Montgomery and Kearny Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES OF

Boots & Shoes for Ladies, Misses, Chil-
dren and Gents,

Made to order at the shortest notice.

Also a full assortment of Benkert's Philadelphia Boots

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287 Music Hall, First Street,

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CHICKERING & SONS' PIANOS;

HAYNES BROTHERS PIANOS;

BURDETT CELEST ORGANS;

MASON & HAMLIN'S ORGANS.

Always on hand a large assortment of the above named
celebrated Instruments.

A liberal discount to the Rev. Clergy and Catholic
Schools. Orders promptly attended to.

JOHN KAVANAGH.

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JOHN KAVANAGH & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

AND DEALERS IN

Men's and Boys' Clothing and
Furnishing Goods,

340 BUSH STREET, (north side) Near Kearny.
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

No. 13.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR Stockton correspondent speaks out against the Virginia ghost. Before, however, we proceed any further, we will correct the statement he makes about the GUARDIAN being the organ of the Church. While we shall strive to reflect Catholic sentiments on all essential questions, we would have no one understand that we pretend to utter, on all occasions, the voice of the infallible Church. Outside of what has been settled by the Church, and a proper understanding of which we have received, our opinions are merely human, and, being such, are subject to error. We are, therefore, loth to have any one intimate that the Church might become responsible for our opinion on "ghosts," or any other undetermined matter. We can readily see, with our correspondent, how this ghost story may do harm. Spiritism is one of the most dangerous of all the isms of the day, and the Church is the only organization that can present any effective opposition to its spread. We believe the spirit manifestations to be governed and controlled by the Evil One, and he could well afford to make some admissions of Christian truths if he could thereby throw a taint of the same ism on the Church. The Scriptures inform us that in the days of wonderful manifestations the elect themselves may be deceived. We would not feel like saying that the Virginia apparition was a humbug, or accuse the girl or her family of the intention to deceive, for we believe they were honest; neither would we undertake to decide whether or not the spirit was a good or an evil one. We said we could hardly, as yet, separate it from the ordinary spirit phenomena—neither can we now, but we do not deny that good spirits might visit the earth, and it was not our province to decide to which this one belonged. We therefore intended to put Catholics on their guard against receiving this as a visitation from a pure spirit. We were aware of the fact that the decisions of the Church come slowly on such matters, when we said listen to the voice of the infallible Church; but the Church, in going slowly—in taking time before reaching a decision—teaches us a lesson we should all heed. Hastily-formed opinions lead many persons into an abyss of error from which they never recover. Catholics should, moreover, be careful in uttering expressions of censure against the Church because of opinions expressed by this or that newspaper or priest. The Mr. B. of our correspondent was certainly not warranted in making the last remarks given. He is a very poor Catholic who will ask, "What has the Church accomplished?" Any man of ordinary ability, who attends Church regularly, can not help but learn this, by observation; even one to whom this ordinary intelligence has not been vouchsafed, but who performs regularly all the duties of a Catholic, feels in his heart "what the Church has accomplished!" We would take some pains to answer this question, coming from a Protestant, in search of the truth; but, from a professed Catholic, we feel that it would be a violation of the scriptural injunction about the pearls. Father SPECKELS was taken too literally. We take his meaning to be "anti-Christian." While the Church is gaining ground, the materialists are also gaining. Both feed from Protestantism. The tendency is to the two extremes, as one of our daily papers recently remarked: Catholicity and infidelity; and the word Pagan was used, we suppose—for we do not remember the connection—simply in reference to the latter. He certainly did not say that Catholic society was Pagan, nor that the Church was not spreading her power and influence each day. What would Catholics, who fly off the handle at these little things, do in case of great persecution?

THREE of Father TOM BURKE's lectures, in reply to Mr. FROUDE, will be found in our columns this week. The first, "The Norman Invasion," was delivered on the 12th of November; the second, "Ireland under the Tudors," on the 14th, and the third, "Ireland under Cromwell," on the 19th. The other two will be given in our next. The fourth lecture, "Grattan and the Irish Volunteers," was delivered on the 21st, and the last of the series, "Ireland since the Union," on the 26th. One of our eastern contemporaries contained two of these lectures, and remarked that it was the only Catholic paper in the United States that could give two lectures

of such length without materially interfering with other departments. The GUARDIAN is yet in its infancy; but it will be seen that it can give three of the lectures, and about as much other matter as most of the weekly Church papers in America, Catholic or Protestant. There are but few papers of this class that these three lectures would not entirely fill. But the CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY are determined to be behind the age in nothing. The gentlemen who form the Company thought they saw before them a field of usefulness, if properly worked. Nothing will be left undone on their part, and they are confident of being able to accomplish much good. They expect every Catholic householder on the Pacific Coast to subscribe for the GUARDIAN, but the money will be spent in giving him just what he wants. We have not published them sooner, because the daily New York papers, from which some have taken them, did not contain full reports, and we preferred to give them complete.

THANKSGIVING DAY was generally observed in this city in the usual way. Turkey, wine, gossip and fashionable harangues were the order of the day. The business part of the city was as still and quiet as Lone Mountain. Some thanked "GOD and CLARENCE KING," that they had not invested their spare cash in diamond stocks, and some of the fashionable "clergy" even felt so thankful to them, especially to the latter, that the matter was thought worthy of special pulpit attention. What those who had diamond stock on hand and did not get warning in time to sell out, had to say, we are not advised. We heard, the other day, a good satire on our manner of making a great ado over Thanksgiving Day. The porter at our hotel, a fresh arrival from the Emerald Isle, who has not yet "progressed" up to our fast way of doing things, asked the bell-boy what all the fuss and preparation was about. "Oh," said the latter, "the President sets apart one day every year to thank ALMIGHTY GOD for all his mercies, and this is Thanksgiving day." "And is that the way you do it in America?" said the fresh arrival. "In the old country we give thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD every day, and make no great botherin, parade about it either. The people must take great credit to themselves for being so condescending as to return thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD once a year!"

THE entire stock of MR. DONAHOE, of the Boston Pilot, was lost in the great fire. He moved to a new place, and in a fortnight was burned out again. His losses at these fires were immense, but with indomitable pluck he starts again. In speaking of his losses, he tells us how to help him, and for one, we feel like doing our part. He does not ask for charity, but for trade. We hope he will receive all he asks. The Pilot says: "We have lost \$350,000; we want a subscriber for every dollar. We ask for no charity, but we do ask for trade. We have completed arrangements that will make the Pilot for 1873 the best Catholic paper printed in America. We must have plenty of subscribers to do what we propose. When you have read your Pilot, please do not tear it or throw it away. Lend it to a neighbor; one who doesn't take a Catholic paper. Speak about the Pilot; tell him how long you have known it, and what it has always been. Get him to say he will be a subscriber; and don't be satisfied with his merely saying it, but take his name and address and send it to our office. When you read this, don't only say, 'I will speak about the Pilot; but settle in your mind on the person to whom you mean to speak, and then you will do it with effect. We ask every one of our old subscribers to send us the name of a new subscriber. You can do it, old friends; and now is the time to do it well.'"

FROM the Colusa Sun we learn that Rev. Father EDWARD KELLY has been stationed at that place. This is emphatically the right man in the right place. Colusa is one of the richest counties in the State, and both the town and the county will soon receive large accessions to their population. The Church there has not been in a flourishing condition, and but little inducements were offered for practical Catholics to settle there; but Father KELLY is an elegant gentleman, a ripe scholar, an eloquent orator, and a pious, holy man, and will soon organize the broken, disjointed Catholic element into a harmonious whole, and we expect to see the Church there soon in a most prosperous condition.

WE are pained to learn, this week, of the death of the mother of our esteemed friend, Father T. C. BECKER, at her residence in Iowa. This is a sad bereavement; but there is consolation in the fact that she died, as she lived, in the bosom of the Holy Church. It would, we know, be a further consolation to Father BECKER, could he know that the prayers of his friends, both of the clergy and laity, would be offered up for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the Sacred Heart College, corner of Larkin and Eddy streets, has been postponed to Sunday, December 15th.

"PRETTY MINNIE REARDON'S TRIAL AND TRIUMPH," is the title of an original story written by CLOUDLET, for the GUARDIAN, and which will appear in our next issue. But few writers tell a story better than she; and the present one possesses great merit, not only because it is an interesting story, but because it conveys a good moral.

WON'T our correspondents please remember that business letters should be addressed to the CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, and not to any person in its employ. The person so addressed may be out of the way, and the business go unattended to. Matter for publication should be addressed simply to the editors of the GUARDIAN.

HORACE GREELEY is dead, and the country has lost a great statesman and journalist. He has had more to do in forming public opinion in the last thirty years than any other man in America. It is not our purpose to enter into any fulsome praise of the man, now that he is dead. We have often differed with him, and have some times been of the same opinion, but we have always thought him honest, and that his actions were governed by patriotic feelings. It is disgusting to see the journals that a few weeks ago were filled with all the blackguardism concerning him of which the language is capable, now inverting their column rules and filling the columns with exaggerated praise. It should, however, teach the people how much importance to attach to the utterances of these journals during a canvass.

THE Virginia Enterprise, of the first instant, contains the views of a Spiritist concerning the McDONOUGH ghost. According to the theory of the Spiritists, there are all kinds and descriptions of spirits. When a man dies, his spirit commences in the "spirit land," with just the same information and the same doctrines that he had on earth. If one was a Catholic on the earth, he does not find out for many years but what the tenets of the Church were all strictly true. If a Methodist, the same. So one spirit tells one story, another a different one, and yet Spiritism is not in the least affected by it. This is certainly a very convenient theory. Seeing this is what made us come to the conclusion that it was the Devil who controlled it. Of course, it would not be to his interest to tell the same story everywhere; and if people can be found who are willing to reconcile the differences in this way, so much the better for him. We could not, for the life of us, tell whether we had up a lying spirit or a good spirit; and, supposing the theory of the Spiritists to be true, how are they to tell? They say a spirit can go from place to place as quick as thought; can read all the thoughts of men and of each other. Then how an "intelligent spirit" could remain six years, or, as some say, an indefinite period, in error, is perfectly impossible. For example, the Catholics teach that as soon as a soul is released from the body it goes straightway either to Heaven, Purgatory, or Hell. If a "spirit" does not go to either place, and finds no others going; finds them all floating around about in space; if he meets his old bishops and pastors, and, for that matter, the saints, floating about with him, he must know that what he had been taught was not true. According to this doctrine, JOHN WESLEY is yet a Methodist, St. IGNATIUS a Jesuit, and FOX is working away at his martyrology! Which of them are we to believe, when they "communicate" with us? This writer in the Enterprise says he has "many a time heard well-delivered sermons, through the organisms of mediums, in favor of the Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, and other denominations!" As we before remarked, this is very convenient, but we don't see how the truth is to be arrived at under such

circumstances. The Devil is all things to all men; but God is all truth, all consistency, and whatever comes from Him must be consistent.

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD, look with compassion on the sin-burdened mortal that presumes to write of thee, and grant that when, on the morrow, millions of devout Christians gather around the altar, and join in the "Hail, Mary, full of grace," your unworthy servant may feel assured of thy prayers now and at the hour when he shall be called into the awful presence of thy Son, the compassionate Redeemer, but just Judge of the world!

From the earliest ages the 8th of December has been celebrated by the faithful in honor of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, although it was left to our present sovereign Pontiff to declare the doctrine, and bind all to its belief. "We define the doctrine," wrote the Holy Father, on the 8th of December, 1854, "which holds the most BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, in the first instant of her conception, to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, by the singular grace and privilege of ALMIGHTY GOD, and through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of the human race, to be a doctrine revealed by GOD, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."

In the year 431 the doctrine was denied by NESTORIUS, Bishop of Constantinople, but a council was called at Ephesus, presided over by St. Cyril, as Papal Legate, and at which were present two hundred bishops, at which NESTORIUS was convicted of preaching and spreading heretical doctrine. The saintly President of the Council exclaimed, in language more eloquent than we could use:

Hail, O Mother of God! O Mary! rich treasure of the universe, ever-burning lamp, light of the Church, crown of virginity, scepter of orthodoxy, imperishable temple, Mother and Virgin, through whom He is, that cometh Blessed in the name of the Lord! We hail thee who didst, in thy virginal womb, contain Him who is immense, incomprehensible! Thee, through whom the Holy Trinity is adored and glorified, the cross honored and venerated throughout the universe; in whom Heaven triumphs, the angels and archangels rejoice, the demons are put to flight; thee, through whom the fallen creature is raised up to Heaven; thee, through whom the whole world, when crushed under the yoke of idolatry, was brought to the light of truth; through thee, holy baptism and the unction of spiritual joy are imparted to the faithful; through thee, all the churches of the world were founded, and nations brought to penance. Through thee, in fine, the only Son of God, the *Orient from on high* hath visited us, to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; by thee the Prophets foretold, and the Apostles preached salvation to the nations; through thee the dead rise again, and kings reign in the name of the Blessed Trinity!

Although the doctrine was afterward denied by holy men, the Popes and the Councils, including that of Trent, favored it. PAUL V, in 1616, forbade any one to affirm, by any public act whatever, that the Blessed Virgin was conceived in sin. GREGORY XV prohibited the denial of the immaculate conception. ALEXANDER VII, 1661, declared the doctrine that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin to be the almost universal opinion of the Church. Our present Holy Father sent a letter to all the Bishops and Patriarchs, asking their advice about the promulgation of the dogma. Six hundred and twenty of these gave answers to this letter, and out of this great number only four were opposed to its promulgation, and even they admitted that the doctrine was held by their clergy and people universally. After this the Sovereign Pontiff invited as many of the high dignitaries of the Church as possible to be present at the solemn definition of the doctrine, which ceremony took place in the presence of more than three hundred archbishops, bishops and prelates, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1854.

The veneration of the Blessed Virgin, remarks DARAS, was the soul of the middle ages. All the greatest men of the period appear as the faithful servants of that Queen of love. St. FRANCIS of Assisi takes her for the *charter of his indulgences*.^{*} St. DOMINIC weaves her a chaplet of roses, to which every hand contributes a flower. To her St. THOMAS AQUINAS owed the gift of purity, sister of genius. St. BONAVENTURE speaks her praises with the affection of a child for his mother, of an exile for his home. For her, ALEXANDER of HALEs foregoes the glory of an illustrious name, the applause of the schools, the joys of science; and from her, ALBERT the GREAT seeks the knowledge of the mysteries of nature. St. BERNARD, too, the master of kings, the counselor of Popes, the guardian of empires, enthrones the Virgin as the Queen of the world, by making her the queen of his heart. To the writers of this period, MARY was a divine mirror, reflecting every idea, theological or speculative, every fact of history, religion and nature.

The love and veneration of the Immaculate Mother of GOD was greatly increased about this time by the event narrated in this issue of the GUARDIAN, by our fair contributor, CLOUDLET. "Happy the ages," says the eloquent historian above alluded to, "when the whole world

bent the knee to her who was styled Our Lady, in the language of Christian chivalry! The image of the Virgin was the chaste companion of the thoughts of the youth; it purified his affections and raised his hopes; it was hailed by the aged as the beacon-light that marks the port of home. It crowned every work, enhanced all glory, in triumph and victory; it rested amid floods of light upon the panes of cathedrals, in the sacred light of every sanctuary; it bore up the knight beneath his heavy armor, and the religious under his coarse habit. The form is traced in everlasting verse as the crown of DANTE'S matchless poem."[†]

Who can devoutly say the Rosary without feeling that he has the compassion and the love of the only mortal that never knew sin? There is no temptation that man can not reject, if he will only repeat fervently our "Hail, Mary." The strength gained by one heart-felt "HOLY MARY, Mother of GOD, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," is worth more than all the wealth in the world. Who is there that has once let the heart full of love and veneration for her, until these words were the spontaneous overflowing of the soul, that has not felt strong enough to face the world, with all crushing calamities? Then, on the grand Feast of her Immaculate Conception, let us all be prepared to tell every bead, to follow every devotion of the Church, with the devotion due the Immaculate Mother of GOD, and which shall gain for us strength to meet boldly the derision or the anger of those who mock at sacred things; or to tread firmly our allotted path through life, whether it be strewn with roses or with thorns.

^{*} This expression was used by the saint in speaking of the indulgences granted to those who visit the Portiuncula.
[†] Vid. "Legende de Notre Dame," by Darris.

THE ANTI-PROGRESSIONISTS.

WHEN shall we hear the last of that old fallacy which the opponents of Catholicism are continually dragging out and shaking in our faces—the anti-progressive tendency of our Church? To hearken to these model disputants, as they warm with their subject, one would imagine that there was a perpetual and bitter war being waged by the Church upon the intelligence of the people; and we become almost deafened with the name of that great man, GALILEO, who has afforded stock argument against us for ever so many centuries past. "It is in the interest of your clergy to keep the laity in ignorance," they tell us; "otherwise the fallacy of their teachings would at once be discovered." Any Catholic who has had occasion to talk with one of these argumentative individuals on religious subjects, will recognize the old objection which we have just given. When they are asked why they so insist upon the subject of ignorance in our laity, they point at once to unhappy Ireland and her banished sons; and, in triumphant tone, tell us: "There is our proof." Of course, they intend that we shall infer that such are the fruits of priestcraft. Now let us see how much blame may be attached to our clergy for the condition of the Irish masses in their own country, or even here among us; or, furthermore, if in their teachings or actions they have discovered a tendency to foster anti-progressive ideas. No Irishman need be told the condition of his countrymen for centuries past, or the obstacles which were ever placed in their way when they would have bettered their condition. These things are too deeply graven in the mind of every true Celt to be easily forgotten; but in this place they may be repeated. Never, in all ages, was a nation so down-trodden as theirs, and never did men come forth from such a struggle with such credit to themselves and wonder to the world. Though treated, in too many instances, like the beasts of the field, they stood erect, like men; though their oppressors would interdict all popular teaching, with the infamous design of thrusting a whole nation into a state of ignorance equaling that of the savage tribes, yet they preserved among themselves the traditions of a glorious ancestry. For this we must praise the national spirit of endurance and patience under wrong. But shall we stop here? Had not the clergy something to do with the amelioration of a condition which others were using endeavors to still further degrade? Indeed, they had; and while bigots may prate of the ignorance of the Irish peasantry, which they take good care to exaggerate, might it not be as well to consider what would have been their condition had not these holy men spent their lives laboring among them? It must be remembered that the priest in Ireland stands not in the same position of the eight-thousand-dollar Protestant divines of the present day. The priest is a man of thought and action, and his ministrings to the soul are not all his works. He is at once doctor, judge and teacher, as well as minister. To him is due the honor of having kept above the surface of a sea of profound ignorance a nation whom others would have cast down without regret. And, with all that the Celtic race has had to contend, where is that person who will not attest to its keen wit and native talent? Perhaps its people, as a rule, had not the "book learning" that oth-

ers, more favored, had, but the power of the intellect was always there—and, when opportunity offered, it came forth bright and full of action. No nation can present a brighter array of immortal characters; and, in the moral world, Ireland stands peerless and alone, and every son and daughter of that land should feel proud, that while GOD has permitted temporal chastisements, the people's honor and virtue challenge the admiration of friend and foe. And is the hand of the priest not seen in all this? But give Ireland a place in the list of nations; give her priests a chance to preach to and educate a free people, and in one generation the most favored people would not relish a comparison. Whatever else the opponents of the Church may charge against her and her ministers, they can not, with any reason, charge that she has ever checked the growth of knowledge in her followers. That she is anti-progressive in her religious tenets, she is proud to admit; for she is unwilling to believe that the teachings of a Divine Creator, upon which they are formed, can be changed with time, or shaped to suit the fancies of man. They were writ by the hand of GOD, and are immutable. In this she is anti-progressive; but further than this, no such charge can be brought against her.

We will now bring the subject nearer home, and examine how far Catholicism has developed its anti-progressive tendency in this country. Now, surely, if there were one country in the world where she would desire to extend her conquests, it would be here; and if her teachings were fallacious, here she would need all her arts and wiles to accomplish her purpose. The more enlightened her followers, the more easily they would penetrate the veil which hid her mysteries from the vulgar gaze. Has she developed this inclination to obscure the intelligence or discernment of the people? On the contrary, she has reared her schools, colleges and academies wherever she has built her Church; and her teachers have taught with most distinguished success. America owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church which she does not too easily recognize. The Catholic colleges of the country are yearly doing incalculable benefit, which few take time to consider. Who shall measure the good which a nation will derive from a generation of intelligent, accomplished, God-fearing young men? Every year the colleges which are found throughout the land are graduating their classes of brave young hearts, who will make their influence felt for good in whatever place they may be. They go forth to fight in the life-long struggle, with a breast-plate which the graduates of other institutions can not possess—a confidence in their religion, and a knowledge that in that a consolation for all ills is ever to be found. They fight with an endurance and firmness of purpose which others may marvel at, but fail to understand. And let us turn for a moment to the sister institutions where our daughters are fitting themselves for the coming busy life. Each commencement-day sees a little band of intelligent and virtuous women going out into the world. They, too, go forth with confidence, for they are armed to withstand the attacks which must come to all. With such women for the mothers of a nation, can her sons be unworthy of the soil? And yet such sons and daughters as we have described are the pupils of those whom they call the anti-progressionists—those who would strive to check the growth of the intellect, and the consequent spread of knowledge. They have shown themselves most accomplished teachers wherever they have taught—they have done for this country what might not have been done for a century to come, and their influence is felt in the general enlightenment of the people. It is, indeed, ill-becoming to call them anti-progressive.

CLOUDLET TELLS TO SOME CHILDREN THE STORY OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF NAZARETH.

BRING your maps, my children, and turn to Italy. Now show me the Adriatic Sea. Yes; that is right, little one. About three miles from this sea, on the eastern coast of Italy, you will find the town of Loreto—there it is, about eighteen miles from Ancona, near the mouth of a small river. This town is celebrated, simply, because the Holy House of Nazareth, in which the angel Gabriel visited the Blessed Virgin Mary, is located there. This house or chamber is under the dome of a magnificent cathedral, which was erected as a protection for this venerable relic, and is built of a fine-grained lime-stone, common in the vicinity of Nazareth. It is only the size of an ordinary room in a wooden house, and the interior, which contains a statue of the Blessed Virgin, evidently very ancient, and said to have been made of cedar-wood, in the early days of Christianity, manifests all the simplicity of a poor carpenter's cottage, in the year of the world 4003, when the faithful Joseph brought his immaculate spouse to be its mistress. The costly and magnificent ornaments, which the devotion of the faithful has offered at this shrine, are not to be seen in the interior, but decorate the exterior casing or wall of pure white marble, of exquisite finish, surrounding the original and holy walls.

Perhaps there is no shrine that can boast a richer heraldry of gifts and ornaments than this, since it has for centuries been the great pilgrimage for Christians. How many of you have already questioned in your minds how a stone house, built at Nazareth before the Christian era, could now be in Italy? Such a fact is, indeed, very strange, but it is really so, and if you could make the proper examination, you would find that the little chapel is without its appropriate foundation, for this still remains in Nazareth, more than a thousand miles from Loretto.

The truth is, that immediately after the Moslem power had triumphed over Christianity, and held undisputed possession of the holy places, on the night of May 10th, 1291, this Holy House was borne, by the hands of angels, away from them, and set down between Trieste and Fiume, in Dalmatia—find these places on your maps. In fancy, see the sacred building rising in mid-air, as if God, who once dwelt in it, had become envious of ungrateful men, and was about to remove it to His Eternal Kingdom. Hear the chorus of angels and inanimate creation! How it echoes and re-echoes among the stars, and dancing wavelets of the sea, and reverberates among the forest boughs. Listen to the rustling of the aspen leaves! they have not ceased to tremble since first they joined, with quivering Nature, in its protest, on the day of Calvary; yet now their mournful murmuring speaks in whispers of their joy, and the passion-flower awakes to join the sea and sky, the mountain and the plain, in honoring, in their unconscious way, the passage of the House that witnessed the holiest love subsisting between the Divine Man, the Immaculate Virgin Mother and the faithful and chaste foster-father and spouse, while the lovely moon turns her ear from the caressing clouds, and clasps, with purest rays of silvery light, the cherished object now gliding through the obedient air. Oh Dalmatia, favorite land, arise and sing, and clasp your hands for joy! Angels are bearing unto you the dearest treasure of their love—the very chamber of their royal mistress.

Alas, for thee, Dalmatians; they were only able to retain possession of the prize for three-and-a-half years, when, in the same miraculous manner, it was borne across the Adriatic, and deposited in a wood, a mile from the shore. This occurred on the night of December 10th, 1294, but it was not known to be the Holy House until two years later. From its first appearance in Dalmatia many astonishing miracles attested its holy character, and you will readily imagine, when it was actually seen gliding, like a thing of life, across the sea, the faithful people of those days would be more and more impressed with the thought that God had a special love for it, and would listen favorably to petitions made there; however, it was a very short time before robbers, thinking it a favorable place for committing acts of violence upon the richly laden pilgrims, concealed themselves in the secret places of the wood. Again, for the third time, it was removed; now, to an eminence near by, on the division-line of property owned by two brothers; but, such is the perversity of fallen human nature that, almost immediately, these brothers began to quarrel about the disposal of the gifts, and certain means whereby they hoped to accumulate wealth, and forthwith the angels took it and placed it on the highway, where it has remained ever since.

Children, as you trace on your maps the long distance between Italy and Nazareth, among the mountains of Palestine, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, reflect on the wonderful power of God, who takes such unlooked-for means to perform His own adorable will, and never permits any great trial to oppress Christendom without favoring it with some touching consolation.

Out of fifty-six Popes that have occupied the chair of St. Peter, since Mary's dwelling came from Nazareth, no less than forty-four have sanctioned this devotion; and many, many saints have knelt to pray within these humble, but blessed walls.

The 10th of December is the special feast day, fixed by the Holy Church, and many are the indulgences granted to pilgrims. Nature herself gives a forcible approval to such devotions. All persons who have not bad hearts, cherish the home of their childhood, and it would be impossible that God should not love, with a peculiar affection, the place in which He passed His infancy among men.

The poet Rogers says, very sweetly:

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise;
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

So this little chapel, which is truly the cradle of the Christian race, catches the soul of the pilgrim with some touching picture of the past, photographed by fancy, and elevates it, by the chain of linked thoughts, to dwell with angels in the presence of God. Enter the portal, and instantaneously the sweetest virgin of Israel is kneeling before you, as, with innocent surprise, she tells the great

Archangel Gabriel that she is by vow a virgin. Vividly you see how he draws more closely the brilliant drapery of the skies, and, with worshipful reverence, bows before the humble maiden, as, in soft accents, he opens to her the mysterious designs of the Most High. You perceive how the first doubt in her immaculate heart is changed to confident submission, and with ravishing swiftness the flood of consequences rushes upon you, and you prostrate yourself, and kiss the pavement, giving glory to God. Oh, it is the very gate of Heaven to earnest souls, and it is no wonder that the little bowls or cups, made from the sweepings of this sanctuary, are treated as precious mementoes. I have seen and drank out of one, and you may imagine how every grain of that coarse earth-erneware rehearsed each its own separate soul-history of sacrifice and love.

"Fairest dome, the angels' treasure,
Earth can hold no shrine so blest,
And our hearts, in untold measure,
Pour their tribute here to rest.
By our loving Mother guarded,
Here we hope her aid to gain,
And our love at last rewarded,
Heaven shall echo our refrain;
Blissful dome, most dear and holy,
Speeding softly o'er the sea,
Laurel branches bending lowly,
Bid us bend the suppliant knee."

WHAT NEXT?

To the Editor of the Catholic Guardian:

IN "a leading article" in one of our city papers, published on Thanksgiving Day, we find the following sentence: "Thanks to God and Clarence King, we have escaped a great financial calamity." The profane expression reminds us of the dispatch written by the Russian savage, a general in the Russian army: "Glory to God and the Empress, Ishmael's ours!" Lord Byron, the unbeliever, says of the dispatch: "Powers Eternal! Such names mingled!"

We are sinking in the abyss of crime, and "the live daily" helps us to go down rapidly. The beautiful climate, abundance, whisky, and the newspaper, prepare us for eternal torments in this world and the next. It is sad to see vulgarity and ignorance directing the national mind; and sadder still to know that no one has the courage to cry shame.

K.

THE VIRGINIA GHOST.

To the Editor of the Guardian:

THE Virginia ghost story is being discussed here in almost every circle of society, and a variety of opinions expressed about it; the prevailing notion, however, is, that it is an unmitigated humbug, and ought not to be countenanced by any person of prominence, either in or out of the Church, as such nonsense is calculated to deceive the masses—many of whom are liable to adopt any opinion, no matter how silly or ridiculous, provided that respectable names are attached to it. And, in this connection, I take it for granted that the mission of the GUARDIAN is to correct, as far as possible, popular errors, and vindicate Catholic sentiment from the frequent misrepresentations of the secular "press." This Virginia apparition having been commented upon, and a partial belief in it indicated by persons of high standing in the Church, has given occasion for severe criticism on the Church and its doctrines, highly prejudicial to her best interests. And, as a sample of the opinions expressed, I will give your readers a synopsis of a conversation between two of our business men, both Catholics, on Father MANOGUE'S letter:

Mr. A.—What do you think about the Virginia ghost, and the doctrine it promulgates?

Mr. B.—I am very sorry to see the name of the Vicar-general attached to so silly and absurd a story.

Mr. A.—Have not similar things occurred in times past, and been recorded in Church history?

Mr. B.—I have never read in the history of the Church where a ritualistic ghost attempted to give a code of faith and morals, and I think it high time for the clergy to cut loose from such absurdities; the Church has now enough to bear without being saddled with spirit rappings and kindred abominations.

Mr. A.—You do not, I hope, hold the Church responsible for the many whims and fancies of the human mind in this age of inquiry?

Mr. B.—That brings me to ask the question: What has the Church accomplished? The Rev. W. A. Speckels informs us that "modern society is Pagan." And if this declaration be correct, I would ask what kind of work has the Church been doing during the last eighteen hundred years? You know that the Church, at the beginning of her career, found civil society Pagan; and, if she has kept it so, then we must conclude that she labored hard "planting and watering, but God did not give the increase."

Here a business call compelled the writer to leave A. and B. in earnest debate—telling them that if they would only postpone the discussion until after business

hours, I would be happy to hear them out. Now, Mr. Editor, the above incident indicates the drift of popular sentiment; and knowing that the GUARDIAN is the duly authorized organ of the Church, it is desirable that it should speak out in a language not to be misunderstood, so that the Church will not be held responsible for that which is regarded by many persons as a mere "trick" to deceive unlettered but devoted adherents of the faith. Your editorial note is not satisfactory—"listen to the never erring voice of the Church." You certainly are aware that decisions of the Church come so slowly that the present century may have passed ere "the voice of the Church" is heard; hence the accredited representative of the Church ought to protect her from misrepresentation by the firm and decided expression of a definite opinion.

VERITAS.

STOCKTON, Nov. 27th, 1872.

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH, of Pottsville, Rev. Herman A. Depman, Pastor, is rapidly drawing near its completion, and promises to be one of the finest churches outside of Philadelphia. It was commenced by Rev. B. A. Baumbester, and is being finished by the present Pastor. The style of architecture is Romanesque. The building is 143 feet by 4 feet, with a height from floor to ceiling of forty feet. The Sanctuary is 28 feet deep by 32 feet wide. On each side of the Church are seven large windows filled with beautifully stained glass, the gift of some of the generous members of the congregation, the Beneficial Societies, and the Rosary Society. The Altar will be in dimensions after the one in the Cathedral, although its ornamentations will be different. The wood-carvings are very elaborate. The front of the building is of brown stone, the side walls of dressed conglomerate mountain granite. This Church will be ready for dedication on the 1st of December, when the ceremonies will be performed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood. A large number of the Rev. Clergy in the vicinity will participate in the ceremonies on this occasion.—Philadelphia Herald.

THE ORPHANS' FAIR.—The recent fair held in Vancouver, for the benefit of the Orphans, seventy in number, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, has resulted, we are glad to see, in netting the large sum of \$1,125. The fact that much of the above result is due to the assistance and exertions of the Protestants of Vancouver and vicinity, shows what influence the lectures of a certain individual, and her aiders and abettors of the press, have, in that quarter at least.—Portland Sentinel.

A PURCHASE of no little importance has recently been made by the Redemptorist Fathers of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, in Third Street. Their present schools for boys and girls, situated on Fourth Street, at the rear of their great church, although capable of containing a large number of children, are still far from adequate to supply the educational wants of this densely populated and always increasing parish. The Fathers have, therefore, secured an excellent building site, four lots on Fourth Street, between their present school and Avenue B. Here, in the spring, they expect to begin the erection of a building, which, besides ample accommodations for the children, will contain a hall superior to almost any one of the kind in the city.—N. Y. Tablet.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot in Kentucky to form a State Union of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Societies. At a meeting held in Louisville lately, of the delegates to the I. C. B. U. Convention at Philadelphia, P. Bannon, Esq., second Vice President of the National Union in the chair, resolutions were adopted in favor of a State Union. The first Thursday in May, 1873, was named for a Convention looking to that end, and all duly accredited Societies in the State are invited to send delegates.

THE Catholic Union, Circle of New York, will inaugurate the Parochial Section of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at a meeting of the parishioners favorable to the Union, to be held on Sunday evening, the 24th inst., in the school-hall, Mulberry Street. Several distinguished speakers, both clerical and lay, will address the meeting on subjects connected with its object.

RESIGNATION OF A BISHOP.—We learn, from the Savannah Morning News, that Right Rev. Bishop Persico, of the Catholic Church, has tendered his resignation to the Pope. The causes inducing this act are not stated. Bishop Persico has presided over the diocese of Georgia and Florida for a year or more, and has, by his consistent course, genial manners and capable administration, given general satisfaction, and his present determination to sever his connection officially will, doubtless, occasion much regret. It is not known definitely what disposition will be made of the resignation, though it is supposed it will be accepted. Rev. Father Wayrich, now Pastor of the Church of the Holy Evangelist, New York, is spoken of as the successor of Bishop Persico.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL.—Considerable progress has been made, during the past year, with the magnificent Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, in New York City, it being almost ready for the roof. It is estimated that \$10,000,000 will be required before this edifice is completed, according to the designs approved by the sainted Archbishop Hughes, whose wishes are carried out to the letter in the building. When completed, no Church on this continent will compare with it for beauty.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

DISCUSSING the compulsory education question, the New Orleans Star is of the opinion that it would be troublesome in a Republic to put it in operation. There would be interminable difficulties between the officers charged with seeing to it that all children attended school and parents. The parent might think the child unable to attend, while the officer would differ, and the

authority of the one or the other must be supreme. The *Star* thinks it an outrage to talk of taking that supreme authority from the parent, where God placed it. The editor argues the question further as follows:

"The Educational Rights of Children" is a pretty conceit. It is a peculiarity of the sharpness of this age that all rascality dresses itself in the garb of philanthropy; every huge monopoly for private emolument or sectarian advancement is disguised under the most poetical and innocent pretence; the wolf has become more skillful and more pertinacious than ever before in wearing "sheep's clothing." If you want to secure the whole job of butchering for a city, you first get unaccountably interested in its "sanitary" conditions and if you intend to monopolize the entire control of the fish market, you will have to throw the radiance of science over your project by dedicating it to the intellectual welfare of the public. Fish diet, you know, affords the maximum of brain nourishment.

Thus even with education. A despotic prince or majority is determined to control the consciences of the rising generation, and suddenly he or it becomes wonderfully exercised about "the educational rights of children."

It is true that the children have rights which parents must respect. Thus, they must not be murdered or barbarously mistreated. They have a right to nourishment and clothing, and the law provides that their parents shall be forced to grant them alimony, if he will not do it freely. In the same way, no doubt, every child is entitled to a certain amount of instruction. But heretofore it has never been found necessary to pass laws fixing the exact amount of clothing, food, or instruction which a child should have. That has been left to parental control, the law wisely supposing that the instinct of parental love needed no special guide in such matters. The general principle of humanity, however, is no longer to be the standard in such matters, it seems, but special limits are to be fixed, at least in questions of education. If the State is to require of the parent a certain fixed amount of instruction for the child, we can not see why it should not be equally anxious about the amount and quality of his food and raiment. If the little fellow must go to school six hours per day, why must he not be entitled to a certain number of sweet potatoes and apples? Why must he not have buttons on his pants instead of using those little sharp, transverse, wooden pins, so much affected by boys who climb persimmon trees?

THE Catholic Union in England seems to be doing much good. Concerning its appointments, the *London Tablet* has the following:

The Catholic Union of Great Britain seems to be in earnest, and is giving an evidence of its determination. The Committee of the Union has nominated Mr. John E. Wallis to be the paid Secretary of the Union, and that gentleman has agreed to accept the appointment. Offices are to be taken in some convenient quarter, and the Secretary will be in regular attendance at them. Mr. Wallis comes to the work prepared for it, perhaps, as no other man in England is. He possesses a long experience of Catholic public affairs; for many years he worked with the late Mr. Langdale, whom he regarded with deserved affection and veneration. He has acquired a minute knowledge of the political and public proceedings of the Catholic body in England during the present century, such as can be obtained only under circumstances of confidential intercourse with its leading men, or with those who have intimately known them. Besides this, Mr. Wallis is gifted with great talents for writing and speaking, and, what is more, with a clear, strong legal head. All these are important qualifications for the office of Secretary to the Catholic Union—and these are the qualifications which Mr. Wallis brings to the work.

We may fairly expect that the Union will now vigorously begin its work. Its object, its constitution and principles, have to be brought home to the minds of every educated Catholic in the kingdom. At present, it is unknown, and, therefore, uncared for. It must become known, and, therefore, valued and respected.

The Catholic local associations, which have been created in the principal great centres of public life, need to be brought into relation with the Catholic Union. They must be fed by it with information. Vigor and inspiration must radiate from the Catholic Union on every side, or it will fall short of its highest function, namely, the quickening and uniting into a compact force the whole of the Catholic body. It would be as interesting as it would be instructive if a paper, showing the history and working of Catholic Associations in England since the end of the last century, were laid before the Catholic public. Many a useful warning would be contained in such a review of our past. There are many dangers ahead of such a Catholic Association, and if the Union does not guard against them, if it does not learn from the experience of its predecessors, it will certainly go to pieces and be buried in a premature grave. Energy, promptness and determination are almost as essential as consideration for individual peculiarities, personal charity and mutual respect. One danger which besets such Unions among us Constitutional Englishmen is talk. If nothing can be done without committees and sub-committees, and half-a-dozen meetings of each—it will end by nothing being done. We can hardly conceive any thing more discouraging, or more effectual as a damper on action, than that no one should be allowed to act until he has been fairly exhausted and sickened by having to listen to long hours of talk and digest a bushel of crude objections. It is enough to exhaust not only the patience of one man, but the life of a whole organization.

Another sign of activity which the Union is showing at the present moment is in the nomination, by the Bishops in their meeting at Salford last, of five clerical representatives to serve on the Council of the Union, whose names we have already given in a previous part of our columns. The appointment of these Ecclesiastics secures a complete harmony between the principles and action of the Union, and the canon law and discipline of the Church; all that is needed to realize this harmony being that each element in the body should possess a clear and distinct knowledge of the views of the other. We may therefore hope, before long, to be able to lay before our

readers further details respecting the programme and active work of the Catholic Union.

On the subject of Bismarck and the Catholic Bishop of Germany, the *Albany Reflector* has the following:

Still wages the impious war again at Catholicism in Germany. Bismarck, not satisfied with expatriating as loyal subjects as Germany contained—the Order of Jesuits—now threatens the remaining Catholics with special legislation, if they, in any way, oppose the unjust decrees of the Prussian Diet. The inroads made in the rights and privileges of the Catholic clergy in Germany would seem to sufficiently satiate the brutal desires of Prince Bismarck, but such is not the case. As Germany has ever been the modern fountain-head of schisms, he wishes to make it, also, a model of sectarian despotism and religious persecution. In this country his actions are hailed with plaudits of joy. He is extolled as a paragon of liberality; so was Henry VIII of England held up as an exemplification of conjugal constancy, and Martin Luther of consistency. The words reach us that Bismarck is undermining Catholicism, and that that majestic structure is tottering to its fall. Alas! how easily is the human mind impressed with a new, though ridiculous idea, that Papacy is approaching its downfall, and that that event is being brought about by Prince Bismarck! When God established His Church He said that the gates of hell would not prevail against it; and when our American admirers of Bismarck prove to us that this champion of Protestantism is stronger than the gates of hell, and more wily than his Satanic Majesty, we may well begin to fear that Papacy is threatened with impending ruin. It would, indeed, be consoling to our Protestant admirers of Bismarck's liberal views on religion, if the Catholic clergy throughout the universe would obsequiously submit to the insults and calumnies heaped upon the Church. But consolation will never be derived from this source, for as long as the Church exists, and we know that will be unto the end of time, her Ministers will be the champions of her cause, and will defend her from the onslaught of bigotry. They can withstand personal attacks without murmur, but the moment the rights of their Mother, the Church, are infringed, they proclaim against it. They only ask for justice—justice for the members of the Church which Christ founded, and nothing more. Their actions should not be impugned by the ignorant, much less by the illiterate bigot. They do not wish to gain control of any State or Nation, but they do wish to place the Church in the position where it rightfully belongs, not subservient to any despotic rule of State, though by so doing it may arouse the jealousy of some few intolerant sects.

THE *Baltimore Mirror* has the following remarks on the "Church and Protestants":

The finger of decay is on the fabric of Protestantism. Its distinctive character is fast being lost in the mutations and backward and forward movements of the public mind of the world. As a teaching body it has no mission, and never had one. And now that men want facts, hard, stubborn, palpable facts, for their mental *pabulum*, and science has presumed to teach the world both moral philosophy and natural theology at once, poor negative Protestantism, with its elastic creeds and evasive opinions, is being crushed to pieces between the upper and the nether millstone, between the Catholic Church, the Divinely teaching body, and scientific rationalism, the embodiment of defiant scepticism. If we cast our eyes across the water, we find Europe seething with every form of revolution and unrest. France, Germany, and England all grappling with infidelity and socialism, and poor Protestantism powerless to stem the torrent of irreligion or to devise a single remedy for the fatal disease of unbelief of which the so-called Reformation has been the prolific parent. Here in America—but we do not wish to speak harshly, not even unkindly of our neighbors—things present but a gloomy religious aspect outside the Catholic Church. Societies, missionary, Bible, etc., meet and argue and resolve and spend and make money; but alas! the results are utterly inadequate to the demands of the Gospel. And why is this so? Dear dissenting friends, can you tell us what you steadfastly and infallibly believe? Nothing? Will you not go to hear Professor Tyndall when he comes here to prate his Godless blasphemies, and enjoy him much more than you enjoy the Word of God? You are all negative, and hence the blight is on your system. We will attempt no eulogium of the Catholic Church. It is before you; it speaks for itself; examine it as Christian men and women, and learn the difference between us.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

THE GALWAY ELECTION PETITION.—The costs of the petitioner (Captain, the Hon. W. Le Poer Trench) in the Galway Election Petition, have not yet been furnished, but they are expected to be lodged in the Common Pleas office in a week, and will amount to about £12,000. Of this sum, between £4,000 and £5,000 will have been swallowed in counsel's fees. Deducting from the furnished sum the average reduction made by taxation, the net amount may be expected to stand at, as nearly as possible, £10,000. The costs of Captain Nolan's side will hardly reach this figure, and will probably be represented by about £8,000. Putting, however, the petitioner's and respondent's costs together, both of which, by the decision of Mr. Justice Keough, have to be defrayed by the latter, the sum of £18,000 is arrived at, and affords a striking illustration of the cheapness of Mr. Disraeli's Model Election Tribunal.—*Irish Times*.

SOME time ago, Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, intimated to his clergy that he felt himself no longer able to sustain, unassisted, the weight of the Episcopal duties. This announcement came by surprise on the diocese, but the step has been taken owing to the Bishop's state of health, and, with the concurrence of the leading clergy, the election of Coadjutor Bishop is fixed

for the 14th of November. Dr. O'Brien is greatly loved in the diocese he has long presided over, and regret is felt that his health should necessitate this step.

DEATH OF LADY BEECHER—MISS O'NEIL.—The death is announced of Lady Beecher, relict of Sir William Wrixton Beecher, who died at her residence, Ballygiblin, near Mallow, recently. The deceased lady, who had attained her 81st year, at one time occupied a most prominent position in the theatrical profession. The great dramatic genius and brilliant triumphs of Miss O'Neil are matters of history. On the stage she had no rival. In fact, she elevated the profession, and gave to it dignity and respectability. In early life, we believe, "the great Miss O'Neil," as her ladyship was designated, passed through much and severe trial, but her genius, which was unquestionable, and her determination of character, which is represented as something astonishing, enabled her successfully to surmount all the difficulties and obstructions which beset her path. Her first appearance, we believe, was made in a rather humble manner, and in company with humble companions, in a small provincial town; but on her *debut* in London, in 1814, she at once occupied, if not the first, at least a most distinguished position, and after a brief time was unanimously hailed as "The Great Miss O'Neil."

GREAT excitement was produced in Limerick recently by the report that the handsome residence of Lord Massey, near Castleconnell, was in flames. The engines were quickly dispatched to the scene, but, on their arrival, it was discovered that the fire was confined to one of the chimneys, in which soot was burning. It was easily extinguished, no damage having been done to the house.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST OF THE LATE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.—The *Dublin Gazette* contains a list of bequests of the Earl of Dunraven, amounting to about £26,000, and all for religious purposes connected with the Roman Catholic Church. Among these are: Two thousand pounds and thirty pounds a year to the Catholic Mission at Maestage, Wales, and six hundred pounds to Bishop Moriarty for charitable purposes, one hundred pounds for Masses, three thousand pounds for the promotion of the Catholic religion in Limerick diocese, five thousand to enlarging the Catholic Church of Adare, two thousand to erect almshouses, nine thousand pounds to pay the rents, reserved by three certain leases in testator's will, made by testator to the Right Rev. Dr. Butler and the Rev. John Stanislaus Flanagan; eighty pounds a year to Adare R. C. Male School, fifty to Adare R. C. Female School, and fifty to the P. P. of Adare, for the time being, a thousand pounds to the bequest for enlarging Adare Church, fifty pounds a year to the Catholic Mission at Bridgend, Wales.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE POOR, BY THE "NUN OF KENMARE."—Sister Mary Francis Clare, the "Nun of Kenmare," has published an appeal for aid for the poor in the vicinity of her convent. She says: "There are thousands of poor Irish men and women whose Christmas fare is, at best, but a few potatoes and a little milk, or, perhaps, for that day only, a scrap of bacon. This year, I fear, the bacon and the milk will be wanting, and the potatoes will be few. The crop has failed throughout the country, in consequence of the wet summer, and what is still worse, turf is lying useless in the bogs, and even were it possible to cut it, no one could burn it. The price of coal has risen to nearly double what it was last winter. God help the poor! the cold, hungry poor—the father and mother, who would not think even of the starvation themselves, if they did not see their poor little children starving too. I have said God help the poor! and so He does, for He sends them friends, and He gives them the grace to bear their sufferings patiently. We nuns, who give up all our lives to the poor, are their only earthly friends in many parts of Ireland. I, therefore, write now to beg for my poor—to beg my friends, both Protestant and Catholic, both Irish and American, to send me help for the poor here, at once. I entreat of those who may read this appeal not to lose one hour, but to send me a few dollars immediately. We want to have good fires in our schools for the poor little ones who come many miles in the cold, dark mornings; we want to give them food, at least one warm meal, before they go back to their mountain homes in the cold, dark evenings; and we want to give food and firing to the very poor families around us, who must suffer so much all this winter."

VARIOUS NOTES.

PERSECUTION IN JAPAN.—We have already expressed our opinion that the change of Government and system in Japan, though it may eventually introduce greater facilities for the spread of the Christian religion, is not unlikely, for the present, to produce a recrudescence of persecution. We have also published, from time to time, trustworthy intelligence to prove that, so far from having been set at liberty, as was at first an-

nounced, a great number of the Christians sent into penal exile were still enduring the extremity of suffering and privation. We have reason to believe that more than 1,200 of these confessors have sunk under these torments during the last two years, and we are informed that 2,000 are still undergoing similar treatment. Some action, surely, ought to be taken by the Catholics of England and France, so as to induce their respective Governments to bring more efficacious representations to bear upon the Government of the Mikado. Diplomatic inquiries have, indeed, been made already, but have resulted in nothing. The authorities at first endeavored to represent the native Japanese Christians as malefactors or seditious persons, and next, to throw dust in the eyes of the Occidentals by decrees of an apparently liberal tenor. A recent letter, however, from M. Armbruster, of the congregation of Foreign Missions, affirms that the persecuting edicts still remain in force, and are still placarded in public places; and that, if in some places the rigorous treatment of the Christians has been softened, in other places, and, in fact, generally, the state of things remains exactly the same. It is true, that the pressure exercised by the English and French *chargés d'affaires* induced the central Government to set at liberty some Christians, in December last, thus reversing the act of some provincial authorities, but the persecution is still going on, and, it is strongly asserted, that the head of the Embassy now in Europe, though he did not decree the persecution, has defended it upon principle. Urgent representations, therefore, should be made in Japan, as well as to the Embassy, if any practical effect is to be hoped for, and if any thing is to be done to rescue these 2,000 confessors of the Faith from probable death, and from certain and extreme suffering.—*London Tablet*.

THE NEW STATE RELIGION.—The religious aspect of the changes which have come over Japan, may be thus described: Shintoism has been substituted for Buddhism as the State religion. The latter was the official cult under the Shogoon; the former is the religion of the Mikado. All that we have heard of discouragement, and even persecution of the Buddhist priests, means no more than this; that one form of paganism is substituted for another; and, as we have mentioned on a former occasion, conformity to the State worship is still to be exacted. Shintoism, which has existed for seven hundred years, though it fell into discredit during the practical supremacy of the Shogoons, is, in fact, a deification of the Mikado, and it is for this reason that it is now restored to preëminence as the established religion. Thus, also, was a pretext found for accusing the native Christians of being rebellious subjects. Just as the early Christians, under the Roman Empire, suffered for refusing to acknowledge the divinity of the Emperors, so are the native Christians of Japan represented and treated as rebels, because they will not join in acts of adoration addressed to the symbols of the Mikado. It is thus evident how easy it is for the Japanese authorities to reply to superficial inquiries, that the measures enforced against this or that Japanese community have been adopted on political rather than on religious grounds. Such an evasion, however, should be no longer possible, and a strong representation or petition to the English and French Governments ought to produce remonstrances which would not fail of their effect.—*Ibid*.

MODERNUS AND ANTIGNUS. A DIALOGUE.

MODERNUS—Well, Antignus, I can not, for a moment, understand how a man of your education and talent can maintain such a preposterous doctrine. You surely do not pretend to say that you are at heart a Papist. You do not surely believe that God has created any man, or any set of men, free from error—infallible, as your Papist paragon has it. The idea is a mere barbarism of the middle ages, and is against all modern progress.

ANTIGNUS—As for your Modern Progress, Modernus, she is a jade in whom I have as little faith as you appear to have in our Papal Infallibility. Modern Progress, in connection with Christian religion, is a contradiction, in terms, of which you ought to be ashamed—bespeaking, as it does, a confusion of ideas either in your conception of the Christian religion or of Modern Progress. It is a denial of the divinity of Christ to assert progress in religion. In revealed religion, as constituted under the Christian dispensation, with a Man-God as revealer, there can be no progress. Development there may be, but no progress. Progress means a departure from one stand-point to another. Now, for revealed religion to make progress, would require a *new departure*—that is, a new revelation. There was progress in revealed religion when Christ came down from Heaven to found the Christian religion, because we had therein a further or rather a distinct revelation. But you, surely, do not pretend that your Modern Progress is a new revelation? That would be pure Mohammedanism: to believe that

your new would-be prophet has received a further revelation than that of Jesus: and would require any amount of miracles to assure us of its divine origin. Your Modern Progress is all very good, as far as science and all mundane things are concerned; though even there I fear your progress has, in many things, been a retrogression. A new departure is not, of necessity, a going forward. It may just as easily be a going backward; and, in some of your modern ideas, I fear it has been. Look at your modern ideas of government; have they not changed, even within the last few years? and not only changed, but gone back? Compare Social Progress with herself, and you will find that she is not true to herself; that she is, in fact, retreating upon her own footsteps. Do you ask for proofs? I will give them. A few years ago, European governments were censured, because they were too centralizing, and were said to be "suffering from a plethora of law." All this was denounced as antiquated and absurd; and all the harsh terms an unscrupulous vocabulary could supply were showered upon these governments. Social Progress, we were told, required altogether other things. *The man*, it was insisted, should be developed, rather than *the citizen*; *municipal institutions* rather than *the central government*; and that country was declared *best governed* which was *least governed*. This was the radicalism—social progression—of our young days, before time had sown grey hairs in our locks. The world, you will remember, had just seen the horrors of the French Revolution, which dared so many hellish acts, all in the name of Social Progress; and had barely escaped the social progress of the universal dominion of the First Napoleon. But is this the Social Progress of our grey hairs? We think not. Centralization is once more in vogue. The Confederate Union of the United States has been exchanged for a federal Union; a sovereign central government has taken the place of "sovereign States." In Canada we have lapsed our several independent provinces into one great Dominion, all in the name of Social Progress. Italy has done the same, invoking the same great goddess. Bismarcked Prussia has done the same; and, unmoved, beholds Hanover, Bavaria, and a host of happy kingdoms lose their autonomy to become feudal serfs of a Great Emperor. England withholds Home Rule from Ireland at the bidding of the same fickle jade. Now, if centralization *was* not social progress in our young days, as we were taught to believe it was not, how does it happen that it is social progress in our grey hairs? Has not your Social Progress "barked back" like a beagle on a bad scent, think you? But, even granting that Social Progress is all that you claim in temporal affairs, what right has she to enter the Temple of God? Does she impiously expect to improve even it? We remember one case, indeed, wherein Social Progress presumed to enter the Sanctuary. It was in the person of certain sellers of oxen and sheep, and doves, and certain changers of money; but, if Holy Writ speaks aright, they were driven out by a certain Divine Teacher, with a scourge of little cords.

MODERNUS—Well! putting aside Social Progress as beyond the question, how do you defend Infallibility? You surely do not believe that God has ordained any man or any set of men incapable of error?

ANTIGNUS—Under certain circumstances, I do; and so must any man who accepts the principles of the Christian church. It is precisely because you Progressionists have thrown overboard the teachings of Christianity, that you find it difficult to accept Infallibility. Every Christian must acknowledge a teaching Church. "*Go teach all nations*," said Christ to His Apostles. This is plain and unmistakable, and was delivered to His Apostles, not to His disciples. "*Go teach*." But what were they to teach? Whatever they liked? That would not be rational. For a schoolmaster to teach that two and two make five, because it happened to please his fancy to do so, would hardly be a rational proceeding. And for the Apostles to be allowed to teach whatever they liked, would be equally irrational. Christ could not give a mutilated commission. When He commanded Peter to walk upon the waters, He had already given Peter the power to do so, had he availed himself of it. It would have been a mere cruel joke to have done otherwise. When Christ, then, ordered His Apostles to "*go teach*," He must already have taught them *what to teach*. There must have been some settled code which He wished taught. Any other supposition, even without the express words of Scripture, would be absurd. Now, if there were a settled code, it was their duty to teach the whole of that code—nothing more—nothing less. Had any one of those apostles taught more or less than he was taught, he must have exceeded or fallen short of his commission; he must have failed in his duty to his divine master. The commission to teach them presupposes two things—first, a settled code to be taught; and second, a power of strict adherence to that code. But this last is Infallibility. Nor is this all the commission. It extends to "*all nations*." "*Go teach all nations*." Now, if that teaching has to comprise "*all nations*," that self-same code—*nothing more,*

nothing less—must be taught at all times to all nations, and the teachers thereof must be preserved from teaching different doctrines; each one in all ages and in all places must teach the same, *nothing more, nothing less*. But what is this preservation from teaching different doctrines, but Infallibility? Here, then, we have the doctrine of Infallibility contained in the simple commission to teach.

Here, then, in a nut-shell, is the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility. Christ came to save all men, by faith in His teachings. All nations were to receive His teaching if they would be saved. That teaching was of a definite code. The teachers, then, of this definite code at all times must be kept from teaching any thing beyond or short of this definite code. But, in order to do this, they must be infallible, since no body of men can be kept from teaching more or less than a certain code for all time and in all places—"to all nations," without the attribute of Infallibility. To admit the commission to teach, and yet to deny Infallibility to the teacher, would be to suppose that Christ demanded an impossibility; that He gave the command to teach, without giving the power to do so. Go, Apostles, teach the doctrines I have taught you. Yes, Lord, but who shall preserve us in teaching that doctrine—that we exceed not nor fall short of what Thou hast taught? When I issued the command to teach, the power to do so was included therein, O ye of little faith.—*Sacerdos, in True Witness*.

"GOD SEETH."

DURING the terrible and unholy storm of demoniac passions which, in the year 1844, swept over many sections of the U. S., leaving in its track, wherever it spread, widowed hearts and smouldering churches, an incident occurred in the city of Philadelphia which smote even the heart of the Know-Nothing fiend with terror. The miserable dupes of English perfidy who, at the period mentioned, banded themselves together in all of the northern cities under the name of Know-Nothings, with the avowed object of inaugurating a religious war throughout our country, but really to weaken a great Republic that, about that time, had wrested from England her maritime supremacy and successfully challenged her right to title of the Mistress of the Ocean, and already, in Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, alarmed the true lovers of their country and excited the most serious fears for the very permanency of our republican form of government. History will hand down to future ages the record and the infamy of that dark and bloody cataclysm. The hired Hessians who, during our colonial struggle, were sent to butcher, but received, on the plains of Trenton, the honor of a surrender, when the gallows would have more fitly crowned their mercenary mission, will appear, in the eyes of the future American, angels of light when contrasted with the horrors of the Charleston Convent, and the wretches who, in the streets of Philadelphia, spat in the face of a Sister of Charity.

But these and such as these we leave to the rack of enlightened public opinion, and return to the words which head this article.

Among other exploits of fiend-inspired manhood, consummated in the City of Brothery Love, these doughty champions of English diplomacy surrounded St. Augustine's Church, in the dead hour of the night, and, with loud shouts and burning torches, applied the blaze to that sacred temple of the living God. Soon the flames arose, and many pious lookers-on actually believed that they saw, with their physical eyes, amid the smoke and fire, exulting demons, which were, perhaps, only the creations of their excited imaginations and their martyred piety. They would, at least, have been congenial co-workers with the living fiends below, in flesh and blood. Be this as it may, that God who watched over the children of Israel and engulfed their enemies in the depths of the Red Sea, deserted not His holy house. His never-sleeping eye was on the miscreants, and the very shadow of its glance filled their inmost souls with consternation and fear. Soon the fire did its work of destruction, and all that remained of St. Augustine's Church was that part of the front wall on which was carved and embellished, in all the splendor of art, an eye, over which was graven, in letters of living light, the suggestive words, "*God Seeth*." The symbol and its motto defied alike the fierce flames and the hate of fiends. There it stood, midway between earth and heaven, promising, like the Cross of Constantine, victory and punishment—victory to the persecuted, punishment to the incendiaries whose sacrilegious hands had applied the torch.

There was one in the crowd who, when the deed was consummated, caught that eye, and to his horror it was fixed upon him. His heart quailed beneath the silent, searching gaze: "*God Seeth*" was branded, as it were, into his soul; and in the dreadful torture which agonized his frame, he shook like an aspen-leaf, and in a paroxysm of frenzy, he rushed madly from the scene in the direction of his house.

In a few hours after, the bright sun shone upon the

smouldering ruins of St. Augustine's Church; the halls of wealth and the hut of misery shared alike his brightening beams. There was one spot, however, in that city which the sun did not illumine, one room where his rays could not enter. It was the dark chamber of the doer of a darker deed—the room in which was confined a raving maniac, who had returned to his home a few hours before with the expiring torch still in his hand. He was chained to the floor, where, crouching like some hunted wild beast, he growled forth blasphemy, gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, shook in the death-throes of a convulsive spasm, and with his last breath yelled, rather than uttered, the fearful words—"GOD SEETH."—Fergus McAlpin, in *Rock Hill Collegian*.

THE DOCTRINE OF MIRACLES.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

THE *London Times* publishes in its columns a letter from one who calls himself *A Sixty Years' Old Catholic*, on the subject of the apparition at Lourdes of the Blessed Virgin to a young girl; and in connection therewith, the writer in the *Times* puts the following queries:

"It is upon these considerations that I would request your permission, Sir, to address through your columns, and with all due reverence and submission, these few questions to the teachers of the Roman Catholic religion in this country, trusting that their answers will be given in the same spirit that the questions are put.

"I. Do they think that the bishops of Grenoble and Tarbes really, honestly, and unreservedly believe the apparitions and miracles of La Salette and Lourdes, to which they give their solemn sanction; and do they think that the Pope believes them?

"II. If they think that these apparitions and miracles are believed in France and Italy by bishops, and by the Pope, do they—the Roman Catholic priests and bishops in Great Britain—consider themselves entitled to disbelieve them? And do they think it their duty to tell the faithful from the pulpit, or from the Confessional, that they are not bound to believe them?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"October 8th. A SIXTY YEARS' OLD CATHOLIC."

I also should be glad to hear your answer to these questions, as they relate to a matter in which all Catholics must take a deep interest.

Yours truly, PAPIST.

MONTREAL, October 28, 1872.

I. For our part, we are morally sure that the bishops of Grenoble and Tarbes—together with the Pope and the great majority of Catholics who have looked into the evidence by which these miracles are authenticated, do firmly believe them—but with a purely human faith.

To the second question we reply, that as the truth of the Blessed Virgin at La Salette and Lourdes, and of the miracles at the last named are not articles of faith. At the same time, to disbelieve the story on the grounds, not that the evidence is insufficient, but that all miracles are *a priori* incredible, and therefore never susceptible of proof, would be tantamount to a negation of the grounds on which historical Christianity itself rests; and therefore, on the part of a baptized person, would be an implied act of apostasy.

If it be of any interest to our querist to know our own private opinion of the matter—we frankly confess that we believe firmly in the story, both of the apparition at Lourdes and of the miraculous cures reported as having been effected by means of the waters of its miraculous spring or fountain. We do so, however, simply on human grounds, and by an exercise of our private judgment. It is true that by the action of the distinguished prelates alluded to by the *Times*' correspondent, the result of our private judgment is much strengthened; still, as the matter is not of faith, we presume not to judge those who differ from us, and who, pending further inquiry, and the production of further evidence, are content to hold their judgments in suspense, provided only that they recognize that miracles are possible, and can be established by human testimony.

The evidence in the case of the miraculous events reported as having occurred at Lourdes is very strong; the details are, if false, easily susceptible of refutation; for it must be remembered that these things were not done in a corner, but in the face of day, before numbers of skeptical witnesses; and that the local ecclesiastical authorities have always challenged the most searching examination into their truth; so that all the world may be assured that, in crediting the story, they have not followed cunningly devised fables. These are facts, we repeat, which can not be got over or explained away: as, for instance, the breaking out of a spring there where, in a well known and long frequented locality, no spring had ever been seen—no traces of a spring had ever been known to exist. On a sudden, on the touching, or, as some have it, on the scratching with her fingers, of the surface of the earth, by the little girl to whom it is said the Blessed Virgin under the title of "*The Immaculate Conception*" revealed herself—a spring of water gushed forth and has continued to steadily flow in a considerable stream from that day to this. This is a fact whose worth can easily be tested. There are, at Lourdes, as elsewhere, those who hate Catholicity. Ask them, then, and they must admit, that up to a certain day, no water

had ever been known to flow there, where now the miraculous stream of Lourdes sends forth its never-failing supply of water. There can be no delusion, no room for subterfuge here.

Again: Some of the most eminent medical men and chemists in France have given their testimony that many diseases by them deemed incurable, occurring in patients whom they had carefully examined, have been instantaneously, thoroughly and permanently cured, after the application of the Lourdes' spring water to the afflicted parts; and many first-class chemists also depose that the most careful and exhaustive analysis of the waters can detect nothing to which those cures can be attributed. Were the waters charged, as are many of the waters in the district, with mineral substances, whose curative virtues are well known to physicians, the cures might, since they can not be denied—and indeed are not denied—be attributed to those substances; but science steps in and proves that no such mineral substances, that no natural curative qualities reside in the water; therefore the intelligent reader may here draw his own conclusions. The facts, however, are as we have stated, and can not be argued away.

To resume: The spot where the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared, but a few years ago was a dry, arid rock, and presented no appearance of the existence of any spring, or water-course. From that spot, on a certain day, at a certain hour, in the presence of many spectators, many of them disbelievers in the supernatural, a stream suddenly gushed forth, and has kept on flowing abundantly ever since. Many people suffering under diseases which had baffled the skill of the ablest physicians, have drunk, or washed in the waters of that spring, and, *post hoc*, have been instantaneously, radically, and permanently cured. Science has failed to discover, in the water itself, any natural substances that can account for these cures; therefore the Catholic concludes that as no natural cause can be assigned for them, they must be attributed to a supernatural agency.

But Catholics are so credulous! How can they believe such silly stories? say Protestants and infidels. Well, they have some learned men to keep them in countenance. St. Augustin, for instance, was a learned man in a very learned and enlightened age; in an age, to say the least, fully the intellectual equal of the nineteenth century. St. Augustin was one accustomed, by his early training, to carefully balance evidence, and was well qualified to detect error; and yet St. Augustin fears not to endanger his reputation for honesty and intelligence by relating as true, stories fully as marvellous as this of Our Lady of Lourdes. We refer the reader, curious in such matters, to the learned Father's well-known work, the *City of God*, twenty-second book and eighth chapter, in which he replies to the infidel objection that miracles are not wrought in our days. Facts upon facts of miraculous cures, by the intercession of saints, by the application of the relics of martyrs, as, for instance, of SS. Protasius and Gervasius, does the learned Father adduce as patent to all the world, as having fallen under his own personal cognizance. Well, we say, we are no more credulous than was St. Augustin; and unless he were either fool or liar, we see not why the miraculous cures said to have been wrought by the water of Lourdes should be rejected as *a priori* incredible. They must, so Catholics urge, be submitted to evidence, and admitted or rejected, according as the testimony is sufficient or insufficient to establish their truth. If Protestants reject the story of the said cures as false, it is not because they find the evidence in their favor inadequate, for they never examine the evidence; but because they start with the assumption that the Roman Catholic Religion is false; and conclude therefore, that God has not given testimony to its truth. This mode of arguing may be convenient, but it is not scientific.—*Montreal True Witness*.

A FREIGHT RAILROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE New York *Herald* urges upon our Government the necessity of the construction of an inter-oceanic canal through some part of Central America, estimating the cost at one hundred millions of dollars. The argument is that this ship canal, so far as America is concerned, would supersede the use of the Suez Canal, and is necessary to secure to our country the prize of Asiatic commerce, for which maritime nations have so long contended. We recognize the full force of this argument so far as New York and the various seaport cities of the Atlantic are concerned, but we do not see the force of the argument when applied to the nation at large, and we think we can clearly demonstrate that a ship canal through Central America would be disastrous to our harbor and the City of San Francisco. Our nation extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Oriental trade is of the first importance, and if we would make the most of it we must regard not only the commerce of New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, but the entire Union. The trade of Asia and Australia,

if carried through Central America to New York direct, would make New York the distributing point of the Pacific as well as the Atlantic trade. It would divert from San Francisco the whole Eastern traffic, and the trade of Asia would pass from us. The natural course of this trade is to follow the nearest and most direct line from China to New York, and this is by way of San Francisco. The additional cost of overland transit ought to be compensated for in reduced time. Eastern goods will be distributed as the merchandise is transported across the continent, thus saving the expense of carriage to New York and their subsequent return to the cities of the interior. Let us illustrate by supplies necessary for the valley of the Mississippi, taking St. Louis for the place of distribution. It is idle to say that goods can be shipped from Canton to New York, and thence by rail to St. Louis, as expeditiously and as cheaply as they can be received at San Francisco and sent by rail to St. Louis. The great need of the nation is a broad-gauge, double-track freight railroad from San Francisco to the Atlantic Ocean, below the snow belt, and farmed out to owners of private trains, with established rates of toll; not conveying passengers, but built exclusively for carrying merchandise. Such a road would be of less cost than a ship-canal. It would be on our own territory, under our exclusive control. It would convey merchandise with greater safety, in less time, and would accommodate the whole interior of our continent, from San Francisco to New York; and what is more desirable to us, would make our city of San Francisco one of the great commercial emporiums of the world—the mart of a vast trade.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE fair for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum will commence at Pacific Hall, Bush Street, on Friday Dec. 13th. We hope to see a good turn-out, and, from the active preparations and the expressions of interest we have heard, we are satisfied it will be a grand success. The cause of the orphans always meets with sympathy from every Christian man and woman.

BURNT OUT TWICE!

WE are just about tired of this phoenix business. We don't want to "rise nobly from our ashes" any more. It is all very well to talk of our courage, and tell us we have "indomitable pluck," but that will not do without something else. And we want the something else—we want to double our subscription list, right off.

We have lost \$350,000, dead, by these fires; and we want a live subscriber for every dollar.

We have been twice burnt out in two weeks, and we must come down to plain talk. Sympathy is good; but sympathy and a new subscriber is more than twice as good.

We are writing this on the morning after the second fire; and we say to our subscribers that we had a *Pilot* ready for them last night that would have pleased them—would have shown them that we work hard to give them a good paper. But God's will was not as our will: His holy will be done.—*Boston Pilot*.

HIBERNIA.—How strange a people, the Hibernians! Wandering away by ones and twos to the ends of the earth; and whether to found a new civilization, or to perish in the wars of unsympathetic strangers, they never give up the affectionate remembrance of the "Green Isle of the Ocean." Wherever the Irish emigrant lifts up his *poor* heart in the sweet melodies of his native land, whether in the island continent of the Pacific, or in polar latitudes, where the mysterious lights of the Arctic hath wrought its crimson ghost upon the snow, he is thinking of the beautiful Erin, with her dark hair streaming from her snowy shoulders, with her faithful grayhound at her feet, with her harp-strings broken, as she sits grieving on the banks of the Shannon, or goes singing mournfully along the Blackwater, like another hopeless Ophelia.—*Torchlight*.

THE *Saturday Review*, the most unmerciful and critical paper in London, says of Mr. Froude's mission: "There is, however, a difficulty in Mr. Froude's path, the gravity of which is not unlikely to grow upon him as he proceeds. There are passages in the annals of Irish history which are not at all pleasant themes, for Englishmen, and as to which there is really nothing to be said, except that the English authorities, and the governing Englishmen in Ireland, did exceedingly wrong, but that it is a long time ago, and that it is no use discussing how better men might have behaved. The tale of the suppression of the rebellion of the United Irishmen is one of the most horrible tales recorded against the reputation of any civilized country. No reference to the conduct of the peasants, or the waywardness of the Irish generally, or the necessity of self-defense, can excuse the barbarities then practised by troops under English generals, by Courts under English law, and by officials under English rule, any more than similar topics of defense can excuse the cruelties of Alva in the Netherlands, or of any one else whom Mr. Froude, in his quality of historical judge condemns."

FATHER BURKE'S FIRST LECTURE IN REPLY TO FROUDE.

THE NORMAN INVASION OF IRELAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a strange fact that the old battle that has been raging for seven hundred years should continue so far away from the old land. The question on which I am come to speak to you this evening is one that has been disputed at many a council board—one that has been disputed on many a well-fought field, and is not yet decided—the question between England and Ireland. (Applause.) Among the visitors to America who came over this year, there was one gentleman distinguished in Europe for his style of writing and for his historical knowledge—the author of several works which have created a profound sensation, at least for originality.

MR. FROUDE'S PURPOSE.

Mr. Froude has frankly stated that he come over to this country to deal with England and with the Irish question, viewing these from an English stand-point; that, like a true man, he came to America to make the best case that he could for his own country; that he came to state that case to an American public as to a Grand Jury, and to demand a verdict from them, the most extraordinary that was ever yet demanded from any people, namely: the declaration that England was right in the manner in which she has treated my native land for seven hundred years. (Applause.) It seems, according to this learned gentleman, that we Irish have been badly treated—that he confesses! but he puts in, as a plea, *that we only got what we deserved.* (Laughter and applause.) "It is true," he says, "we have governed them badly; the reason is, because it was impossible to govern them rightly. It is true that we have robbed them—the reason is, because it was a pity to leave them their own—they made such bad use of it. It is true, we have persecuted them; the reason is, persecution was a fashion of the time and the order of the day." On these pleas there is not a criminal in prison to-day in the United States that should not instantly get his freedom by acknowledging his crime and pleading some extenuating circumstances. Our ideas about Ireland have been all wrong, it seems. Seven hundred years ago the exigencies of the time demanded the foundation of a strong British Empire; in order to do this, Ireland had to be conquered, and Ireland was conquered. Since that time the one ruling idea in the English mind has been to do all the good that they could for the Irish. Their legislation and their action has not always been tender, but it has been always beneficent. They sometimes were severe, but they were severe to us for our own good, and the difficulty of England has been that the Irish, during these long hundreds of years, have never understood their own interests or knew what was for their own good. Now, the American mind is enlightened; and henceforth, no Irishman must complain of the past in this new light in which Mr. Froude puts it before us. Now the amiable gentleman tells us what has been the Irish fate in the past. He greatly fears that we must reconcile to it in the future. He comes to tell us his version of the history of Ireland, and he also comes to solve Ireland's difficulty, and to lead us out of all the miseries that have been our lot for hundreds of years.

SURMISES CONCERNING MR. FROUDE'S MISSION.

When he came, many persons questioned what was the motive or the reason of his coming. I have heard people speaking all around me, and assigning to the learned gentleman this motive or that. Some people said he was an emissary of the English Government; that they sent him here because they were beginning to be afraid of the rising power of Ireland in this great nation; that they saw here eight millions of Irishmen by birth, and, perhaps, fourteen millions by descent, and that they knew enough of the Irish to realize that the Almighty God blessed them always with an extraordinary power, not only to preserve themselves but to spread themselves, until, in a few years, not fourteen but fifty millions of descendants of Irish blood and of the Irish race will be in this land. (Great applause.) According to those who thus surmise, England wants to check the sympathy of the American people for their Irish fellow-citizens; and it was considered that the best way to effect this was to send a learned man, with a plausible story, to this country; a man with a single power of viewing facts in the light which he wishes himself to view them, and put them before others; a man with the extraordinary power of so mixing up these facts that many simple-minded people will look upon them as he puts them before them as true, and whose mission it was to alienate the mind of Americans from Ireland to-day, by showing what an impracticable, obstinate, accursed race we are.

Others, again, surmised that the learned gentleman came for another purpose. They said: "England is in the hour of her weakness; she is tottering fast and visibly to her ruin; the disruption of that old empire is visibly approaching; she is to-day cut off, without an ally in Europe; her army a cipher, her fleet nothing—according to Mr. Reade, a great authority on this question—nothing to be compared to the rival fleet of the great Russian power now growing up. When France was paralyzed by her late defeat, England lost her best ally. The three emperors, in their meeting the other day, contemptuously ignored her, and they settled the affairs of the world without so much as mentioning the name of that kingdom, which was once so powerful. Her resources of coal and iron are failing; her people are discontented, and she is showing every sign of decay. Thus did some people argue that England was anxious for an American alliance; for, they said, "What would be more natural than that the old, tottering empire should seek to lean on the strong, mighty, vigorous, young arm of America?"

I have heard others say that the gentleman came over to this country on the invitation of a little clique of sectarian bigots (laughter) in this country. Men who, feeling that the night of religious bigotry and sectarian bitterness is fast coming to a close before the increasing light of American intelligence and education, (applause) would fain prolong the darkness for an hour or two, by whatever help Mr. Froude could lend them.

But I protest to you, gentlemen, here to-night, that I have heard all these motives assigned to this learned man, without giving them the least acceptance. I believe Mr. Froude's

motives to be simple, straightforward, honorable and patriotic. (Applause.) I am willing to give him credit for the highest motives, and I consider him perfectly incapable of lending himself to any base or sordid proceeding, from a base or sordid motive. (Applause.) But as the learned gentleman's motives have been so freely canvassed and criticised, and I believe, indeed, in many cases misinterpreted, so my own motives in coming here to-night may be, perhaps, also misinterpreted and misunderstood, unless I state them clearly and plainly. As he is said to come as an emissary of the English Government, so I may be said, perhaps, to appear as an emissary of rebellion or of revolution; as he is supposed, by some, to have the sinister motive of alienating the American mind from the Irish citizenship of the States, so I may be suspected of endeavoring to excite religious or political hatred.

Now, I protest these are not my motives; I am here to-night simply to vindicate the

HONOR OF IRELAND IN HER HISTORY.

I come here to-night lest any man should think that in this our day, or in any day, Ireland is to be left without a son who will speak for the mother that bore him.

FROUDE UNFIT FOR THE TASK.

And, first of all, I hold that Mr. Froude is unfit for the task that he has undertaken, for three great reasons: First, because I find in the writings of this learned gentleman that he solemnly and emphatically declares that he despairs of ever finding a remedy for Ireland, and he gives it up as a bad job. (Laughter.) Here are his words, written in one of his essays a few years ago: "The present hope," he says, "is that by assiduous justice, (that is to say, by conceding every thing that the Irish please to ask) we shall disarm that enmity, and convince them of our good will. It may be so; there are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they grant, that at last we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. (Laughter.) I do not share that expectation (renewed laughter); it is more likely they will push their importunities until at last, we turn upon them, and refuse to yield further. And there will be a struggle once more; and either emigration will increase in volume until it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or, in some shape or other, they will have to be coerced into submission." "Banish them or coerce them;" there is the true English speech. "My only remedy," he emphatically says, "my only hope, my only prospect for the future of Ireland is: 'Let them all go to America; have done with the race; give us an Ireland at last, such as we have endeavored to make, for seven hundred years, a desert and a solitude; or, if they remain at home, they will have to be coerced into submission.'" I hold that that man has no right to come to America to tell the American people and the Irish in America that he can describe the horoscope of Ireland's future. He ought to be ashamed to attempt it, after having uttered such words.

SECOND REASON.

The second reason why I say he is unfit for the task of describing Irish history is, because of his contempt for the Irish people. The original sin of the Englishman has ever been his contempt for the Irish. It lies deep, though dormant, in the heart of almost every Englishman. The average Englishman despises the Irishman—looks down upon him as a being almost inferior in nature. Now, I speak not from prejudice, but from an intercourse of years, for I have lived among them. I have known Englishmen, amiable and generous themselves, charming characters, who would not, for the whole world, nourish, willfully, a feeling of contempt in their hearts for any one, much less to express it in words; yet I have seen them manifest, in a thousand forms, that contempt for the Irish which seems to be their very nature. [A voice—"True!"] I am very sorry to say that I can not make any distinction between the Protestants and Catholics of England in this feeling. I mention this, not to excite animosity or to create bad blood or bitter feeling; no, I protest this is not my meaning; but I mention this because I am convinced it lies at the very root of this antipathy and of that hatred between the English and Irish which seem to be incurable; and I verily believe that, until that feeling is destroyed, you never can have cordial union between these two countries, and the only way to destroy it is, that by raising Ireland, through justice and by home legislation, she will attain such a position that she will enforce and command the respect of her English fellow-subjects. Mr. Froude, himself, who, I am sure, is incapable of any ungenerous sentiment toward any man or any people, is an actual living example of that feeling of contempt of which I speak. In November, 1856, this learned gentleman addressed a Scottish Assembly in Edinburgh. The subject of his address was: "The Effect of the Protestant Reformation upon Scottish Character." According to him, it made the Scotch the finest people on the face of the earth. Originally fine, they never got their last touch that made them, as it were, archangels among men, until the holy hand of John Knox touched them. On that occasion, the learned gentleman introduced himself to his Scottish audience in the following words: "I have undertaken," he says, "to speak this evening on the effects of the Reformation in Scotland, and I consider myself a very bold person to have come here on any such undertaking; in the first place, the subject is one with which it is presumptuous for a stranger to meddle. Great national movements can only be understood properly by the people whose disposition they represent. We see, by our own history, that Englishmen only can properly comprehend it. It is the same with every considerable nation that works out its own political and spiritual life through tempers, humors and passions peculiar to itself, and the same disposition which produces the result is required to interpret it afterward." Did the learned gentleman offer any such apology for entering so boldly upon the discussion of affairs? Oh no! there was no apology necessary; he was only going to speak of the mere Irish.

"ONLY IRISH."

There was no word to express his own fears that, perhaps, he did not understand the Irish character on the subject upon

which he was about to treat; there was no apology to the Irish in America—the fourteen millions—if he so boldly was to take up their history, endeavoring to hold them up as a licentious, immoral, irreligious, contemptuous, obstinate, unconquerable race—not at all. It was not necessary—they were only Irish. If they were Scottish, then the learned gentleman would have come with a thousand apologies for his own presumption in venturing to approach such a delicate subject, as the delineation of the sweet Scottish character, or any thing connected with it. (Laughter and applause.) What, on the other hand, his treatment of the Irish? I have, in this book before me, words that came from his pen; and I protest, as I read them, I feel every drop of my blood boil in my veins when the gentleman said: "The Irish, they may be good at the voting booths, but they are not good to handle a rifle." He compares us, in this essay, to a "pack of hounds." He says, "To deliver Ireland; to give Ireland any need, would be the same as if a gentleman, addressing his hounds, said: 'I give you your freedom; now go out, and act for yourselves.'" That is, he means to say that, after worrying all the sheep in the neighborhood, they would end by tearing each other to pieces. (Laughter.) I deplore this feeling. The man who is possessed of it can never understand the philosophy of Irish history.

Thirdly. Mr. Froude is utterly unfit for the task of delineating and interpreting the history of the Irish people, because of his more than contempt and bitter hatred and detestation in which he holds the Catholic religion and the Catholic Church. In this book before me, he speaks of the Catholic Church as an old serpent whose poisonous fangs have been drawn from her; and she now is a Witch of Endor, mumbling curses to-day because she can not burn at the stake and shed blood as of old. He most invariably charges the Church and makes her responsible for the French Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; for the persecutions before those days that originated from the revolution in the Netherlands, of the Duke of Alva against Philip the Second; for every murder that has been committed and fouler butchery, he says, by the virus of a most intense prejudice; that the Catholic Church lies at the bottom of them all, and is responsible for them. The very gentlemen that welcomed and surrounded him when he came to New York, gave him plainly to understand, where the Catholic religion is involved—where a favorite theory is to be worked out—where a favorite view is to be proved—that they do not consider him a reliable, trustworthy witness, or where his prejudices are concerned as a historian. Yet I again declare—not that I believe this gentleman to be capable of lying—I believe he is incapable—but wherever prejudice comes in, such as he has, he distorts the most well-known facts for his own purposes. This gentleman wishes to exalt Queen Elizabeth by blackening Mary Queen of Scots; in doing this, he has been convicted by a citizen of Brooklyn of putting his own words as if they were the words of ancient chronicles and ancient laws, deeds and documents, and the taunt has been flung at him, "that Mr. Froude has never grasped the meaning of inverted commas." Henry the Eighth, of blessed memory, (renewed laughter) has been painted by this historian a most estimable man, as chaste and holy as a monk—bless your soul! (Great laughter.) A man that never robbed any body, who every day was burning with zeal for the public good. As to putting away his wife and taking the young and beautiful Anne Boleyn to his embrace, that was a chaste anxiety for the public good. (Renewed laughter.) All the atrocities of this monster in human form melt away under Mr. Froude's eye, and Henry the Eighth rises before us in such a form that even the Protestants in England, when they heard him described by Mr. Froude, said: "Oh! you have mistaken your man, sir!"

HENRY VIII.

One fact will show you how this gentleman treats history. When King Henry the Eighth declared war against the Church, and when all England was convulsed by his tyranny—one day hanging a Catholic because he would not deny the supremacy of the Pope; the next day hanging a Protestant, because he denied the Real Presence—any body that differed from Henry was sure to be sent to the scaffold. It was a sure and expeditious way of silencing all argument.

During this time, when the monasteries were beginning to be pillaged, the Catholic clergy of England, especially those who remained faithful to the Pope, were the most odious to the tyrant. And such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate their clergy in order to please their King. Well! at this time, a certain man, whose name was Hunn, was lodged a prisoner in the tower, and hanged by the neck. There was a coroner's inquest held upon him, and the twelve blackguards, I can call them nothing else, in order to express their hatred for the Church, and to please the powers which were, found a verdict against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, a most excellent priest, whom every body knew to be such. When the Bishop heard of this verdict, he applied to the Prime Minister to have the verdict quashed. He brought the matter before the House of Lords, in order that the character of his Chancellor might be fully vindicated. The King's Attorney-General took cognizance of it by a solemn decree, and the verdict of the coroner's inquest was set aside, and the twelve men declared to be twelve perjurers. (Applause.) Now listen to Mr. Froude's version of that story. He says: "The clergy of the time were reduced to such a dreadful state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of willful murder against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, and the Bishop was obliged to apply to Cardinal Woolsey to have a special jury to try him—because, if he took any twelve men in London, they would have found him guilty." Leaving the reader under the impression that this priest, this Chancellor, was a monster of iniquity, and the priests of the time were as bad as he. Leaving the impression that a man was guilty of the murder who was as innocent as Abel, and that, if put for trial before twelve of his countrymen, they would have found him guilty on the evidence. This is the version he puts upon it; he knowing the facts as well as I know them.

FROUDE'S FIRST LECTURE CONSIDERED.

Well, now, my friends, I come to consider the subject of his

first lecture. Indeed, I must say I never practically experienced the difficulty of hunting a Will o' the Wisp in a marsh (laughter) until I came to follow this learned gentleman in his first lecture. I say nothing disrespectful of him at all, but simply say he covered so much ground, at such unequal distances, that it was impossible to follow him. He began by remarking how Mr. Rufus King wrote such and such a letter about certain Irishmen, and said that the Catholics of Ireland sympathized with England, while the Protestants of Ireland were breast high for America in the old struggle between this country and Great Britain. All these questions which belong to late days, I will leave aside for the close of these lectures. When I come to speak of the men and things of our own day, then I shall have great pleasure in taking up Mr. Froude's assertion. But coming home to the great question of Ireland, what does this gentleman tell us? For seven hundred years Ireland was invaded by the Anglo-Normans. The first thing, apparently, that he wishes to do, is to justify this invasion, and establish this principle that the Normans were right in coming to Ireland. He began by describing a terrible picture of the state of Ireland before the invasion. "They were cutting each other's throats, and the whole land was covered with bloodshed; there was in Ireland neither religion, morality, or government; therefore, the Pope found it necessary to send the Normans to Ireland, as you would send a policeman into a saloon where the people were killing one another." This is his justification: That in Ireland, seven hundred years ago, just before the Norman invasion, there was neither religion, morality, nor government. Let us see if he is right. (Applause.)

The first proof that he gives that there was no government in Ireland is a most insidious statement. He says: "How could there be any government in a country where every family maintained itself according to its own ideas of right and wrong, acknowledging no authority?" Now, if this be true—in our sense of the word "family"—certainly Ireland was in a most deplorable state—every family governing itself according to its own notions, and acknowledging no authority. What does he mean by the words "every family?" Speaking to Americans in the nineteenth century, it means every household in the land. We speak of family as composed of father, mother, and three or four children, gathered around the domestic hearth; this is our idea of the family. I freely admit, if every family in Ireland were governed by their own ideas—admitting of no authority over them—he has established his case in one thing against Ireland. But what is the meaning of the words "every family?" As every Irishman who hears me to-night knows, it means the "sept" or the tribe that had the same name. They owned two or three counties and a large extent of territory. The men of the same name were called the men of the same family. The MacMurrags of Leinster, the O'Tooles of Wicklow, the O'Byrnes in Kildare, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Neills and the O'Donnells of Ulster. The family meant a nation. Two or three counties were governed by one chieftain, and represented by one man of the sept. It is quite true that each family governed itself in its own independence, and acknowledged no superior. (Cheers.) There were five great families in Ireland: The O'Connors in Connaught, the O'Neills in Ulster, the MacLaughlins in Meath, the O'Briens in Munster, and the MacMurrags in Leinster. And under these five great heads there were minor septs and smaller families, each counting from five or six hundred to perhaps a thousand fighting men, but all acknowledging in the different provinces their sovereignty to these five great royal houses. These five houses again elected their monarch, or supreme ruler, called the *Ardrigh*, who dwelt in Tara. (Applause.) Now, I ask you, if family meant the whole sept, or tribe, or army in the field, defending their families—having their regular constituted authority and head—is it fair to say that the country was in anarchy because every family governed themselves according to their own notions? Is it fair for this gentleman to try to hoodwink and deceive the American jury, to which he has made his appeal, by describing the Irish family, which meant a sept, or tribe, as a family of the nineteenth century, which means only the head of the house, with the mother and the children?

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

Again, he says: "In this deplorable state the people lived, like the New Zealanders of to-day—in underground caves." And then he boldly says, "that I, myself, opened up in Ireland one of these underground houses of the Irish people." Now, mark! This gentleman lived in Ireland a few years ago, and he discovered a *rath* in Kerry. In it he found some remains of mussel-shells and bones. At the time of the discovery he had the most learned archaeologist in Ireland with him, and they put together their heads about it. Mr. Froude has written in this very book that what these places were intended for, or the uses they were applied to, baffled all conjecture—no one can tell. Then, "if it baffled all conjecture, and he did not know what to make of it"—if it so puzzled him then, that no man could declare what they were for, what right has he to come out to America and say they were the ordinary dwellings of the Irish people?

ANCIENT IRISH CONSTITUTION.

In order to understand the Norman invasion, I must ask you to consider first, my friends, the ancient Irish Constitution which governed the land. Ireland was governed by "septs" or families. The land, from time immemorial, was in the possession of these families or tribes; each tribe elected its own chieftain, and to him it paid the most devoted obedience and allegiance, so that the fidelity of the Irish *clansman* to his chief was proverbial. The chief, during his lifetime, convoked an assembly of the tribe again, and they elected from among the princes of his family the best and the strongest man to be his successor, and they called him the *Taniste*. The object of this was, that the successor of the king might be known, and at the king's death, or the prince's death, there might be no riot or bloodshed, or contention, for the right of succession to him. Was this not a wise law? The elective monarchy has its advantages. The best man comes to the front, because he is the choice of his fellow-men. For when they came to elect a successor to their prince, they chose the best man, not the king's eldest son, who might be a booby or a fool. (Laughter.) And

so they came together and wisely selected the best, the strongest, the bravest and the wisest man, and he was acknowledged to have the right to the succession. He was the *Taniste*, according to the ancient law of Ireland. Well, these families, as we said, in the various provinces of Ireland, owed allegiance to the king of the province. He was one of the five great families called "The five great families of Ireland." Each prince had his own judge or *brehon*, who administered justice in the court to the people. These *brehon* judges were learned men. The historians of the time tell us that they could speak Latin as fluently as they could speak Irish; they had established a code of laws, and, in their colleges, studied that law, and, when they had graduated in their studies came home to their respective septs or tribes, and were established as judges or *brehons* over the people. Nay, more; no where in the history of the island do we hear of an instance where a man rebelled or protested against the decision of his *brehon* judge. Then these five monarchs in the provinces elected an "Ardrigh," or high king. With him they sat in council, on national matters, within the halls of Imperial Tara.

There Patrick found them in the year 432. Minstrel, bard and *brehon*; prince, crowned monarch, and high king, there did he find them discussing, like lords and true men, the affairs of the nation, when he preached to them the faith of Jesus Christ. (Applause.) And while the Constitution remained the clansmen paid no rent for their land. The land of the tribe or family was held in common. It was the common property of all, and the *brehon* or judge divided it and gave to each man what was necessary for him, with free right to pasture over the whole. They had no idea of slavery or serfdom among them. The Irish clansman was of the same blood with his men, was related to Gallowglass O'Brien, that was in the ranks. No such thing as looking down by the chieftains upon the part of the people to a tyrannical chieftain. In the ranks they stood as freemen—freemen perfectly equal, one with the other. (Applause.) We are told by Gerald Barry, the lying historian, who sometimes, though rarely, told the truth, (laughter) that "when the English came to Ireland nothing astonished them more than the free and bold manner in which the humblest man spoke to his chieftain, and the condescending kindness and spirit of equality in which the chieftain treated the humblest soldier in his tribe."

"DOES IT LOOK LIKE ANARCHY?"

This was the ancient Irish Constitution, my friends. And now, does this look any thing like anarchy? Can it be said, with truth, of a land where the laws were so well defined—where every thing was in its proper place—that there was anarchy? Mr. Froude says "There was anarchy there, because the chieftains were fighting among themselves." So they were; but, he also adds, "there was fighting every-where in Europe after the breaking up of the Roman Empire." Well! Mr. Froude, fighting was going on every-where; the Saxons were fighting the Normans around them in England, and what right have you to say that Ireland, beyond all other nations, was given up to anarchy, because chieftain drew the sword against chieftain frequently, from time to time?

So much for the question of government. Now for the question of religion: The Catholic religion flourished in Ireland for six hundred years, and more, before the Anglo-Normans invaded her coasts. For the first three hundred years that religion was the glory of the world, and the pride of God's Holy Church. Ireland, for these three hundred years, was the *island-mother* home of saints and of scholars. (Great applause.) Men came from every country in the then known world to light the lamps of knowledge and of sanctity at the sacred fire upon the altars of Ireland.

THE DANES.

Then came the Danes, and for three hundred years our people were harassed by incessant war. The Danes, as Mr. Froude remarks, apparently with a great deal of approval, had no respect for Christ or for religion, and the first thing they did was to set fire to the churches and monasteries. The nuns and holy monks were scattered, and the people left without instruction. Through a time of war men don't have much time to think of religion, or things of peace. And for three hundred years Ireland was subject to the incursions of the Danes. On Good Friday morning, in the year 1014, Brian Borohme defeated the Danes at Clontarf; but it was not until the 23d of August, 1103, in the twelfth century, that the Danes were driven out of the land by the defeat of Magnus, their king, at consequence of these Danish wars was, that the Catholic religion, though it remained in all its vital strength, in all the purity of its faith among the Irish people, yet it remained sadly shorn years, Irish Christianity. Vices sprang up among the people, for they were accustomed to war, war, war, night and day, for three centuries. Where is the people on the face of the earth that would not be utterly demoralized by fifty years of war, much less by three hundred? The "Wars of the Roses" in England did not last more than thirty years, and they left the English people so demoralized that, almost without a struggle, they changed their religion at the dictates of the blood-thirsty and licentious tyrant, Henry VIII.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS STATUS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

No sooner was the Dane gone than the Irish people summoned their bishops and their priests to council, and we find almost every year after the final expulsion of the Dane, a council held, where gathered the bishops, priests, the leaders and chieftains of the land—the heads of the great septs or families. There they made those laws by which they endeavored to repair all the evils of the Danish invasion. Strict laws of Christian morality were enforced, and again and again Cardinal Papero, in the year 1164, five years before the Norman invasion. They invited the Papal Legate to the council, and we find the Irish people, every year after the Norman invasion, obeying the laws of the council without a murmur. We find the council of Irish bishops assembled, supported by the

sword and power of the chieftains with the Pope's Legate, who was received into Ireland with open arms whenever his master sent him, without let or hindrance. When he arrived, he was surrounded with all the devotion and chivalrous affection which the Irish have always paid to their representatives of religion in the country. (Applause.) And, my friends, it is worth our while to see what was the consequences of all these councils—what was the result of this great religious revival which has taken place in Ireland during the few years elapsed between the last Danish invasion and the invasion of the Normans? We find three Irish saints reigning together in the Church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest saints, Primate of Armagh; we find him succeeded by St. Celsus, and again by Gregorius, whose name is a name high up in the martyrology of the time. We find, in Dublin, St. Lawrence O'Toole, of glorious memory. (Great applause.) We find Phelix and Christian, bishops of Lismore, Catholicus of Down, Augustus of Waterford; every man of them famed, not only in Ireland, but throughout the whole Church of God, for the greatness of their learning, and the brightness of their sanctity. We find, at the same time, Irish monks, famous for their learning as men of their class, and as famous for their sanctity. In the great Irish Benedictine Monastery of Rathson, we find Lawrence and twelve other Irish monks. We find, moreover, that the very year before the Normans arrived in Ireland, in 1168, a great council was held at Athboy. Thirteen thousand Irishmen represented the nation; 13,000 warriors on horseback attended the council and the bishops and priests, with their chiefs to take the law they made from them, and hear whatever the Church commanded them to obey. What was the result of all this? Ah! my friends, I am not speaking from any prejudiced point of view. It has been said "that if Mr. Froude gives the history of Ireland from an outside view, of course Father Burke would have to give it from an inside view." Now, I am not giving it from an inside view; I am only quoting English authorities. I find that in this very interval between the Danish and Saxon invasion, Lafranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to O'Brien, King of Munster, congratulated him on the religious spirit of his people. I find that St. Anselm, one of the greatest saints that ever lived, and Archbishop of Canterbury, under William Rufus, writes to Murtagh, King of Munster, "I give thanks to God," he says, "for the many good things we hear of your Highness, and especially for the profound peace which the subjects of your realm enjoy. All good men who hear this give thanks to God, and pray that He may grant you length of days." The man that wrote that, perhaps was thinking, while he was writing, of the awful anarchy, impiety and darkness of the most dense and terrible kind which covered his own land of England in the reign of the Red King, William Rufus. And yet we are told, indeed, by Mr. Froude—a good judge he seems to be of religion (laughter)—for he says, in one of his lectures, "Religion is a thing of which one man knows as much as another, and none of us know any thing at all;" he tells us that the Irish were without religion at the very time when the Irish Church was forming itself into the model of sanctity which it was at the time of the Danish invasion; when Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, was acknowledged by every prince and chieftain in the land to be the High King of *Adriagh*. Now, as far as regards what he says, "That Ireland was without morality," I have but little to say. I will answer that by one fact: A king of Ireland stole another man's wife. His name, accursed! was Dermot McMurragh, King of Leinster. (Applause.) Every chieftain in Ireland, every man rose up and banished him from Irish soil as unworthy to live on it. (Great applause.) If these were the immoral people, if these were the bestial, incestuous, depraved race, which they are described to be by leading Norman authorities, may I ask you, might not King Dermot turn around and say: "Why are you making war upon me; is it not the order of the day? Have I not as good a right to be a blackguard as any body else?" (Laughter.) Now comes Mr. Froude and says: "The Normans were sent to Ireland to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish. (Great merriment.) In the language of Shakspeare, I would say: 'Oh! Jew, I thank thee for that word.' (Uproarious laughter.) In these Ten Commandments, the three most important are, in their relation to human society: 'Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.' The Normans, even in Mr. Froude's view, had no right or title, under Heaven, to one square inch of the soil of Ireland. (Cheers.) They came to take what was not their own; what they had no right, no title to. And they came, as robbers and thieves, to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish people, among them the Commandment: 'Thou shalt not steal.' Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. This was after murdering the holy Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket. They scattered his brains before the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament, at the Vesper hour. The blood of the Saint and Martyr was upon his hands when he came to Ireland to teach the Irish, 'Thou shalt not kill.' What was the occasion of their coming? When the adulterer was driven from the sacred soil of Erin as one unworthy to profane it by his tread, he went over to Henry and procured from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to embark for Ireland to do so, and there to reinstate the adulterous tyrant, King Dermot, in his kingdom. They came then, as protectors and helpers of adultery, to teach the Irish people, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.'

POPE ADRIAN'S LETTER.

Mr. Froude tells us they were right; that they were the apostles of purity, honesty and clemency, and Mr. Froude "is an honorable man." Ah, but he says, remember, my good Dominican friend, "that if they came to Ireland, they came because the Pope sent them." Henry, in the year 1174, produced a letter, which he said he received from Pope Adrian IV, which commissioned him to go to Ireland, and permitted him there, according to the terms of the letter, to do whatever he thought right and fit to promote the glory of God and the good of the people. The date that was in the letter was 1154, consequently it was twenty years old. During that twenty years, nobody ever heard of that letter except Henry, who had it in his pocket, and an old man, called John of Salisbury, that wrote how he went to Rome and procured the letter in a hug-

ger-mugger way from the Pope. Now let us examine this letter. It has been examined by a better authority than me. It has been examined by one who is here to night, who has brought to bear upon it the acumen of his great knowledge. It was dated, according to Rymer, the great English authority, 1154. Pope Adrian was elected Pope the 3d of December, 1154. No sooner was the news of his election received in England, than John of Salisbury was sent on to congratulate him, by King Henry, and to get this letter. It must have been the 3d of January, 1155, before the news reached England; for, in those days, no news could come to England from Rome in less than a month. John of Salisbury set out, and it must have been another month—the end of February or the beginning of March, 1155—before he arrived in Rome, and the letter was dated 1154. This date in Rymer was found inconvenient, wherever he got it, and the current date afterward was 1155. "But," says Mr. Froude, "there was a copy of it kept in the archives of Rome, and how do you get over that?" The copy had no date at all! Now this copy, according to Baronius, had no date at all, and according to the Roman laws, a rescript that has no date is invalid—just so much waste paper; so that, even if Pope Adrian gave it, it is worth nothing. Again, learned authors tell us that the existence of a document in the archives of Rome does not prove the authenticity of the document. It may be kept there as a mere historical record.

But suppose that Pope Adrian had given the letter to Henry, and Henry had kept it so secret because his mother, the Empress Mathilda, did not want him to act upon it—well, when he did act upon it, why did he not produce it? That was the only warrant on which he came to Ireland, invaded the country, and never breathed a word to a human being about that letter. There is a lie on the face of it! (Applause.) Oh, Mr. Froude reminded me to "remember that Alexander III, his successor, mentions that rescript of Adrian's, and confirmed it." I answer, with Dr. Lynch and the learned author, Dr. Moran of Ossory, and with many Irish scholars and historians, that Alexander's letter is a forgery as well as Adrian's.

ALEXANDER'S LETTER IS A FORGERY AS WELL AS ADRIAN'S.

I grant that there are learned men who will admit the Diploma of Adrian and Alexander's rescript. But there are equally learned men who deny them both, and I have as good reason to believe one as the other, and I prefer to believe it was a forgery. Alexander's letter bears the date 1172. Now let us see whether it is likely for the Pope, Alexander, to give Henry such a letter recommending him to go to Ireland, the beloved son of the Lord, to take care of the Church, etc. Remember, it is said Adrian gave the rescript, and did not know the man he gave it to. But Alexander knew him well! Henry, in 1169 and later, supported the anti-Popes against Alexander, and, according to Matthew of Westminster, King Henry II obliged every one in England, from the boy of twelve years of age to the old man, to renounce his alliance to Alexander III, and go over to the anti-Papists. Now is it likely that Alexander would give him a rescript telling him to go to Ireland and settle the ecclesiastical matters there? Alexander himself wrote to Henry, and said to him, "Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the Church and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men."

Such is the man that Alexander sent to Ireland to make them good people? (Laughter.) According to Mr. Froude, "The Irish never loved the Pope until the Normans taught them." (Laughter.) What is the fact. Until the accursed Norman came to Ireland, the Papal Legate always came to the land at his pleasure. No king ever obstructed him; no Irish hand was ever raised against a Bishop, Priest of the land, or Papal Legate. After the first Legate, Cardinal Vivian, passed over to England, Henry took him by the throat and made him swear that when he went to Ireland he would do nothing against the interest of the King. It was an unheard-of thing that Archbishops and Cardinals should be persecuted, until the Normans taught the world how to do it with their accursed feudal system, concentrating all power in the King.

Ah! bitterly did Laurence O'Toole feel it, the great heroic saint of Ireland, (cheers) when he went to England on his last voyage. The moment he arrived in England the King's officers made him prisoner. The King left orders that he was never to set foot in Ireland again.

It was this man that was sent over as an apostle of morality to Ireland; he, who was the man accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own son, Richard I—a man whose crimes will not bear repetition; a man who was believed by Europe to be possessed of the devil; a man of whom it is written "that when he got into a fit of anger he tore off his clothes and sat naked, chewing straw like a beast."

Furthermore: Is it likely for a Pope, who knew him so well, who suffered so much from him, would have sent him to Ireland; the murderer of Bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and every form of liberty that came before him. No! I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust as, by a stroke of his pen, to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people who ever bowed down in allegiance to him.

But let us suppose that Pope Adrian gave the Bull. I hold still that it was of no account, because it was obtained under false pretences; for he told the Pope, "The Irish are in a state of miserable ignorance," which was not true. Secondly, he told a lie, and, according to the Roman law, a Papal rescript obtained on a lie was null and void. Again, when Henry told the Pope, when he gave him that rescript and power to go to Ireland, that he would fix every thing right and do every thing for the glory of God and the glory of the people, he had no intention of doing it, and never did it. Consequently, the rescript was null and void.

But suppose the rescript was valid. Well, my friends, what power did it give Henry? Did it give him the land of Ireland? Not a bit of it. All it was that the Pope said was, "I give you power to enter Ireland, there to do what is necessary for the glory of God and the good of the people." At most, all he said he wished of the Irish chieftains was to acknowledge his high sovereignty over the land. Now you must know that

in these early Middle Ages there were two kinds of sovereignty. There was a sovereignty that had the people and the land. They were his; he governed these as the Kings and Emperors do in Europe to-day. Besides this, there was one who went by the name and title of King, and required the homage only of the chieftains of the land, but who left them in perfect liberty and in perfect independence. Yes, he demanded this nominal tribute of their homage and worship, and nothing more. This was all, evidently, that the Pope of Rome granted in Ireland, if he permitted so much; and the proof of it lies here: that when Henry II came to Ireland he did not claim of the Irish kings O'Connor, King of Connaught, acknowledging him as a fellow-king; he acknowledged his royalty, and confirmed him, when he demanded of him the allegiance and the homage of a feudal prince—a feudal suzerain—leaving him in perfect independence.

DID HENRY II CONQUER IRELAND?

Again, let us suppose that Henry intended to conquer Ireland and bring it into slavery. Did he succeed? Was there a conquest at all? Nothing like it. He came to Ireland, and the kings and princes of the Irish people said to him: "Well, we are willing to acknowledge your high sovereignty; you are the Lord of Ireland, but we are the owners of the land; it is simply acknowledging your title as Lord of Ireland—nothing more." If he intended anything more, he never carried out his intention; he was able to conquer that portion which was held before by the Danes, but not outside. It is a fact that when the Irish had driven the Danes out of Ireland at Clontarf, they, always straightforward and generous in the hour of their triumph, permitted the Danes to remain in Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow and Waterford, and from the Hill of Howth to Waterford. The consequence was, that the whole eastern shore of Ireland was in the possession of the Danes. The Normans came over, and were regarded, by the Irish, as cousins to the Danes, and only took the Danish territory. They were willing to share with them. Therefore there was no cause now for Mr. Froude's second justification of these most iniquitous acts—that Ireland was a prey to the Danes. He says the Danes came to the land and made the Irish people ferocious, and leaves his hearers to infer that the Danish wars in Ireland were only a succession of individual and ferocious contests between tribe and tribe, and between man and man, whereas they were a magnificent trial of strength between two of the greatest and bravest nations that ever met, foot-to-foot, or hand-to-hand, on a battle-field. The Danes were unconquerable. The Celt, for three hundred years, fought with them and disputed every inch of the land, filled every valley in the land with their dead, and, in the end, drove them back into the North Sea, and freed his native land from their domination. (Applause.) This magnificent contest is represented, by this historian, as a mere ferocious onslaught, daily renewed between man and man in Ireland. The Normans arrived, and we have seen how they were received. The Butlers and Fitzgeralds went down into Kildare, the De Benninghams and Burkes went down into Connaught. The people offered them very little opposition, gave them a portion of their lands and welcomed them among them, and they began to love them as if they were their own flesh and blood. But, my friends, these Normans, so haughty in England, who despised the Saxons so bitterly that their name for the Saxon was "villain" or "churl," who would not allow a Saxon to sit at the same table with them, who never thought of intermarrying with the Saxons for many long years; the proud Norman, ferocious in his passions, brave as a lion, formed, by his crusades and Saracenic wars, the bravest warrior of his times—this steel-clad knight disdained the Saxon. Even one of their followers, Gerald Barry, speaking of the Saxons, says: "I am a Welshman; who would think of comparing the Welsh with the Saxon boors—the basest race on the face of the earth." (I am only giving his words, not his sentiments.) "They fought one battle, and when the Normans conquered them they consented to be slaves for ever more. Who would compare them with Welsh—the Celtic race?" says this man—"with the brave, intellectual and magnanimous race of the Celts?" Now, my friends, when these Normans went down into Ireland among the Irish people, went out from the Danish portion of the Pale, what is the first thing that we see? They threw off their Norman traits, forgot their Norman French language, and took the Irish—took Irish wives, and were glad to get them, and adopted Irish customs until, two hundred years after the Norman invasion, we find that these proud descendants of William Fitzalden, Earl of Clanricard, changed their names. Our name of Burke was changed to the upper and lower McWilliam or sons of William, in the days of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and so they called themselves by that name, and adopted the language and customs of the country. During the four hundred sad years that followed the Norman invasion down to the accession of Henry VIII, Mr. Froude has nothing to say but that Ireland was in a constant state of anarchy and confusion—and it is true. It is perfectly true. Chieftain against chieftain. It was comparative peace before the invasion, but when the Normans came in they drew them on by craft and cunning. The ancient historian Strabo says, "The Gauls always march openly to their end, and they are, therefore, easily circumvented." So, when the Normans came and the Saxons, they sowed dissensions among the people, they stirred them up against each other, and the bold, hot blood of the Celt was always ready to engage in contest and in war. What was the secret of that incessant and desolating war? There is no history more painful to read than the history of the Irish people from the day that the Normans landed on their coast until the day when the great issue of Protestantism was put before the nation, and when Irishmen rallied in that great day as one man. My friends, the true secret is, that early and constant effort of the English to force upon Ireland the feudal system, and, consequently, to rob the Irish of every inch of their land, and to exterminate the Celtic race. I lay this down as the one secret—the one thread by which you may unravel the tangled skein of our history for the four hundred years that followed the Norman invasion. The Normans and the Saxons came with the express purpose and design of taking every foot of land in Ireland and of exterminating the Celtic race. It is an awful thing to think of, but we have evidence for it.

First of all, Henry II, while he made his treaties with the Irish Kings, secretly divided the whole of Ireland into ten portions, and allotted each of these portions to one of his Norman knights. In a word, he robbed the Irish people and the Irish chieftains of every single foot of land in the Irish territory. It is true they were not able to take possession. It is as if a master-robber were to divide the booty before it is taken; it is far easier to assign property not yet stolen than to put the thieves in possession of it. There were Irish hands and Irish battle-blades in the way for many a long year, nor has it been accomplished to this day.

ENGLISH TREATMENT OF THE IRISH.

In order to root out the Celtic race, and to destroy us, mark the measures of legislation which followed. First of all, my friends, whenever an Englishman was put in possession of an acre of land he got the right to trespass upon his Irish neighbors and to take their land, as far as he could, and they had no action in a court of law to recover their land. If an Irishman brought an action at law against an Englishman for taking half of his field, or for trespassing upon his land, according to the law from the very beginning, that Irishman was sent out of court—there was no action—the Englishman was perfectly justified. Worse than this. They made laws declaring that the killing of an Irishman was no felony. Sir John Davis tells us how, upon a certain occasion at the Assizes, at Waterford, in the 29th year of Edward I, a certain Thomas Butler brought an action against Robert de Almay to recover certain goods that Robert had stolen from him. The cause was brought into court; Robert acknowledged that he had stolen the goods, that he was a thief; the defense he put in was that Edward, the man he had plundered, was an Irishman. The case was tried. Now, my friends, just think of it! The issue that was put before the jury was, whether Edward, the plaintiff, was an Irishman or an Englishman. Robert, the thief, was obliged to give back the goods, for the jury found Edward was an Englishman. But if the jury found that Edward was an Irishman he might go with the goods—there was no action against him. We find, upon the same authority—Sir John Davis—a description of an occasion at Waterford, where a man, named Robert Welsh, killed an Irishman. He was arraigned, and he, without the slightest difficulty, acknowledged it. "Yes, I did kill him. You can not try me for it, for he was an Irishman." Instantly he was let out of the dock, on condition, as the Irishman was in the service, at the time, of an English master, he should pay whatever he compelled the master to pay for the loss of his services, and the murderer might go scot-free. "Not only," says Sir John Davis, "were the Irish considered aliens, but they were considered enemies in so much that though an Englishman might settle upon an Irishman's land, there was no redress; but if an Irishman wished to buy an acre of land from an Englishman, he could not do it. So they kept the land they had, and they were always adding to it by plunder; they could steal, without even buying more. If any man made a will, and left an acre of land to an Irishman, the moment it was found that he was an Irishman, the land was forfeited to the Crown of England, even if it was only left in trust to him, as we have two very striking examples. We read that a certain James Butler left some lands in Meath in trust for charitable purposes, and he left them to his two chaplains. It was proved that the two priests were Irishmen, and that it was left to them in trust for charitable purposes. Yet the land was forfeited because the two men were Irishmen. Later on, a certain Mrs. Dawdall, a pious woman, made a will leaving some land, also for charitable purposes, to her chaplain, and the land was forfeited because the priest was an Irishman. In the year 1367, Lionel a third son of Edward III, Duke of Clarence, came to Ireland, held a Parliament, and passed certain laws, in Kilkenny. You will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of these were as follows: "If any man speaks the Irish language, or keeps company with the Irish, or adopts Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the crown of England." If an Englishman married an Irish woman, what do you think was the penalty? He was sentenced to be half-hanged, to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off, and every right to his land passed to the crown of England. "Thus," says Sir John Davis, "It is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the best Irish lands, and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people."

Now, citizens of America, Mr. Froude came here to appeal to you for your verdict, and he asks you to say, was not England justified in her treatment of Ireland?

BECAUSE THE IRISH PEOPLE WOULD NOT SUBMIT?

Now, citizens of America, would not the Irish people be the vilest dogs on the face of the earth if they submitted to such treatment as this? (Great and enthusiastic cheers.) Would they be worthy of the name of men if they submitted to be robbed, plundered and degraded? It is true that in all this legislation we see this same spirit of contempt of which I spoke in the beginning of my lecture. But remember, it was these Saxon "churls" that were thus despised, and ask yourselves what race they treated with so much contumely, and attempted in every way to degrade while they were robbing and robbing? Gerald Barry, the liar, speaking of the Irish race, said the Irish came from the grandest race that he knew of on this side of the world, "and there are no better people under the sun." By the word "better" he meant more valiant and more intellectual. Those who came over from England were called Saxon "hobs" or churls, while the Irish called them *Burdeth Sasenach*. These were the men who showed, in the very system by which they were governed, that they could not understand the genius of freedom—that they could not understand the nature of a people who refused to be slaves. They were slaves themselves. Consider the history of the feudal system under which they lived. According to the feudal system of government, the King of England was lord of every inch of land in England; every foot of land in England was the King's, and the nobles who had the land held it from the King, and held it under feudal conditions—the most degrading that can be imagined. For instance, if a man died and left his heir, a son or a daughter under age, the heir or heiress, together with the

estate, went into the hands of the King. He might, perhaps, leave a widow with ten children; she would have to support all the children herself out of her dower, but the estate and the eldest son, or the eldest daughter, went into the hands of the King. Then, during their minority, the King could spend the revenues or could sell the castle and sell the estate without being questioned by any one, and when the son or daughter came of age, he then sold them in marriage to the highest bidder. We have Godfrey of Mandeville buying, for twenty thousand marks, from King John, the hand of Isabella, Countess of Gloucester. We have Isabella de Linjara, another heiress, offering two hundred marks to King John—for what? For liberty to marry whoever she liked, and not to be obliged to marry the man he would give her. If a widow lost her husband, the moment the breath was out of him the lady and the estate were in the possession of the King, and he might squander the estate or do what he liked with it, and then he could sell the woman. We have Alice, Countess of Warwick, paying King John one thousand pounds sterling in gold for leave to remain a widow as long as she liked, and then to marry any one she liked. This was the slavery called the feudal system, of which Mr. Froude is so proud, and of which he says, "It lay at the root of all that is noble and good in Europe." (Laughter.) The Irish could not understand it—small blame to them. (Laughter.) But when the Irish people found that they were to be hunted down like wolves—found their lands were to be taken from them, and that there was no redress, over and over again the Irish people sent up petitions to the King of England to give them the benefit of the English law and they would be amenable to it, but they were denied and told that they should remain as they were—that is to say, England was determined to extirpate them and get every foot of Irish soil. This is the one leading idea or principle which animated England in her treatment of Ireland throughout those four hundred years, and it is the only clue you can find to that turmoil and misery and constant fighting which was going on in Ireland during that time. Sir James Esusick, the English Commissioner sent over by Henry VIII, wrote to his Majesty these quaint words: "The Irish be of opinion among themselves that the English wish to get all their land and to root them out completely." He just struck the nail on the head. Mr. Froude himself acknowledges that the land question lies at the root of the whole business. Nay, more, the feudal system would have handed over every inch of land in Ireland to the Norman King and his nobles, and the O'Briens, the O'Tooles, the O'Donnells, and the O'Connors, were of more ancient and better blood than that of William the Bastard Norman.

ENGLAND'S GREAT MISTAKE.

The Saxon might submit to feudal law, and be crushed into a slave—a clod of the earth. The Celt never would. England's great mistake—in my soul I am convinced that the great mistake of all the others the greatest—lay in this, that the English people never realized the fact that in dealing with the Irish, they had to deal with the proudest race upon the face of the earth. (Applause.) During these wars the Norman Earls—the Ormonds, the Desmonds, the Geraldines, the De Burghs—were at the head and front of every rebellion; the English complained of them, and said they were worse than the Irish rebels, constantly stirring up disorders. Do you know the reason why? Because they, as Normans, were under the feudal law, and, therefore, the King's Sheriff would come down on them at every turn with fines and forfeitures of the land held from the King; so, by keeping the country in disorder, they were always able to be sheriffs, and they preferred the Irish freedom to the English feudalism; therefore, they fomented and kept up these disorders. It was the boast of my kinsmen of Clanricard that, with the blessing of God, they would never allow a King's writ to run in Connaught. (Laughter and applause.) Dealing with this period of our history, Mr. Froude says that the Irish chieftains and their sept, or tribes, were doing this and that—the Geraldines, the Desmonds, and the Ormonds. I say, slowly, Mr. Froude, the Geraldines and the Ormonds were not the Irish people; so don't father their acts upon the Irish. The Irish chieftains have enough to answer for. During these four hundred years, I protest to you that, in this most melancholy period of our sad history, I have found but two cases—two instances that cheer me—and both were the actions of Irish chieftains. In one we find that Turlough O'Connor put away his wife; she was one of the O'Briens. Theobald Burke, one of the Earls of Clanricarde, lived with the woman. With the spirit of their heroic ancestors, the Irish chieftains of Connaught came together, deposed him and drove him out of the place. Later on, we find another chieftain, Brian McMahon, who induced O'Donnell, chief of the Hebrides, to put away his lawful wife and marry a daughter of his own. The following year they fell out, and McMahon drowned his own son-in-law. The chiefs, O'Donnell and O'Neill, came together with their forces and deposed McMahon in the cause of virtue, honor and womanhood. I have looked in vain through these four hundred years for one single trait of generosity or of the assertion of virtue among the Anglo-Norman chiefs, and the dark picture is only relieved by these two gleams of Irish patriotism and Irish zeal in the cause of virtue, honor and purity.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

Now, my friends, Mr. Froude opened another question in his first lecture. He said that all this time, while the English monarchs were engaged in trying to subjugate Scotland and subdue their French provinces, the Irish were rapidly gaining ground, coming in and entering the pale year by year; the English power in Ireland was in danger of annihilation, and the only thing that saved it was the love of the Irish for their own independent way of fighting, which, though favorable to freedom, was hostile to national unity. He says, speaking of that time, "Would it not have been better to have allowed the Irish chieftains to govern their own people? Freedom to whom? Freedom to the bad, to the violent—it is no freedom." I deny that the Irish chieftains, with all their faults, were, as a class, bad men and violent men. I deny that they were engaged, as Mr. Froude says, in cutting their peoples' throats, that they were a people who would never be satisfied. Mr. Froude tells us, emphatically and significantly, that "the Irish

people were satisfied with their chieftains," but people are not satisfied under a system where their throats are being cut. (Great laughter.) The Irish chieftains were the bane of Ireland by their divisions; the Irish chieftains were the ruin of their country by their want of union, and want of generous acquiescence to some great and noble head that would save them by uniting them. The Irish chieftains, even in the days of the heroic Edward Bruce, did not rally around him as they ought. In their divisions is the secret of Ireland's slavery and ruin throughout those years. But, with all that, history attests that they were still magnanimous enough to be the fathers of their people and to be natural leaders, as God intended them to be, of their septs, families and namesakes. And they struck whatever blow they did strike in what they imagined to be the cause of right, justice and principle, and the only blow that came in the cause of outraged honor and purity came from the hand of the Irish chiefs in those dark and dreadful years.

Now I will endeavor to follow this learned gentleman in his subsequent lectures. Now a darker cloud than that of mere invasion is lowering over that Ireland; now comes the demon of religious persecution waving over the distracted and exhausted land. And we shall see whether this historian has entered into the spirit of the great contest that followed, and that, in our day, has ended in a glorious victory for Ireland's church and Ireland's nationality, and which will be followed as assuredly by a still more glorious future.

FATHER BURKE'S SECOND LECTURE.

IRELAND UNDER THE TUDORS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We now come to consider the second lecture of the eminent English historian who has come among us. It covers one of the most interesting and terrible passages in our history. It takes in three reigns—the reign of Henry VIII, the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of James I. I scarcely consider the reign of Edward VI or of Mary worth counting. The learned gentleman began his second lecture with rather a startling paradox. He asserted that Henry VIII was a hater of disorder.

Now, my dear friends, every man in this world has a hero, whether consciously or unconsciously. Every man selects some character or other out of history which he admires, until, at length, he is constantly thinking of the virtues and the excellencies of this hero until he comes almost to worship him. Before us all lie the grand historic names that are written in the world's annals, and every man is free to select the character that he likes best, and he selects his hero. Using this privilege, Mr. Froude has made the most singular selection of a hero that either you or I ever heard of. His hero is Henry VIII. It speaks volumes for the integrity of Mr. Froude's own mind; it is a strong argument that he possesses a charity the most sublime when he has been enabled to discover virtues in the historical character of one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth. He has, however, succeeded in this, which to us appears impossible—he has discovered, among many other shining virtues in the character of the English Nero, a great love for order, a great hatred of disorder. Well, we must stop at the very first sentence of the learned gentleman, and try to analyze it, and see how much there is of truth in this word of the historian, and how much there is which is honorable to him, and a truthful figment of his imagination.

All order in the State is based upon three great principles, my friends, namely: the supremacy of the law, respect for and the liberty of conscience, and a tender regard for that which lies at the fountain-head of all human society—namely, the sanctity of the marriage tie. The first element in every State is the supremacy of the law; in this supremacy lies the very quintessence of human freedom and of all order. The law is supposed to be, according to the definition of Aquinas, "The judgment pronounced by profound reason and intellect, thinking and legislating for the public good." The law, therefore, is the expression of reason—reason backed by authority, reason influenced by the noble motive of the public good. This being the nature of law, the very first thing that we demand for this law is, that every man bow down to it and obey it.

No man in the community can claim exemption from obedience to the law; least of all, the man who is at the head of the community—because he is supposed to represent before the nation that principle of obedience without which all national order and happiness perishes among the people. Was Henry VIII an upholder of the law? Was he obedient to the law? I deny it, and I have the evidence of all history to back me up in the denial; and I brand Henry VIII as one of the greatest enemies of freedom and liberty that ever lived in this world.

My friends, I will only give you one example. Out of ten thousand, I have selected one! When Henry broke with the Pope, he called upon his subjects to acknowledge him—bless his mark—as spiritual head of the Church. There were three abbots of the Charter houses in London—namely, the Abbot of London proper, the Abbot of Axiolam, and the Abbot of Belloval. These three men refused to acknowledge Henry as the supreme spiritual head of the Church. He had them arrested; he had them tried; he had a jury of twelve citizens of London to sit upon them. Now, the first principle of English law—the grand palladium of English legislative freedom—is a perfect

LIBERTY OF THE JURY.

The jury in every country must be perfectly free, not only from every form of coercion over them, but from even their own prejudice. They must be free from any prejudgment in the case; they must be perfectly impartial, and perfectly free to record their verdict. These twelve men refused to convict the three abbots of high treason, and they grounded their refusal upon this: "Never," they said, "has it been uttered in England that it was high treason to deny the spiritual supremacy of the King. It is not law; and, therefore, we can not find these men guilty of high treason." What did Henry do? He sent word to the jury that if they did not find the three abbots guilty, he would visit them with the same penalties that he had prepared for the prisoners. He sent word to the jury that they should find them guilty. I brand Henry, therefore, with having torn in pieces the constitution of England's *Magna Charta*, and hav-

ing trampled upon the first great element of English law and jurisprudence—namely, the liberty of the jury. Citizens of America, would you, any one of you, like to be tried by a jury, if you knew that the President of the United States had informed that jury that, if they failed to find you guilty, he would put them to death? Where would there be liberty, where would be the law, if such a transaction were permitted? But this was done by Mr. Froude's great admirer of order and hero—Henry VIII.

HENRY VIII AND FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

The second grand element of order is respect for conscience. The conscience of a man, and, consequently, of a nation, is supposed to be the great guide in all the relations in which the people or the individuals stand to God. The conscience is so free that Almighty God Himself respects it; and it is a theological axiom that, if a man does a wrong act, thinking that he is doing right, having in his consciousness the idea that he is doing right, the wrong will not be attributed to him by the Almighty God. Was this man a respecter of conscience? Again, out of ten thousand acts of his, I will select one. He ordered the people of England to change their religion. He ordered them to give up that grand system of dogmatic teaching which is in the Catholic Church, where every man knows what to believe and what to do. And what religion did he offer them instead? He did not offer them Protestantism, for Henry VIII never was a Protestant, and to the last day of his life, if he had only been able to lay his hands upon Martin Luther, he would have made a toast of him. He heard Mass up to the day of his death, and after his death there was a solemn high Mass over his inflated corpse—a solemn high Mass that the Lord might have mercy on his soul. Ah, my friends! some other poor soul got the benefit of it.

What religion did he offer to the people of England? He simply came before them, and said: "Let every man in the land agree with me. Whatever I say, that is religion." More than this, his Parliament—a slavish Parliament—every man afraid of his life—passed a law making it high treason not only to disagree with the King in any thing that he believed, but making it high treason for any man to dispute any thing that the King should ever believe at a future time. He was not only the enemy of conscience; he was the ANNIHILATOR OF CONSCIENCE. He would allow no man to have a conscience. "I am your conscience," he said to the nation. "I am your infallible guide in all things. You are to believe me and look to me in all things which you are to do; and if any man sets up his conscience against me, he is guilty of high treason, and I will stain my hands in his heart's blood." This is the LOVER OF ORDER AND FREEDOM whom Mr. Froude admires.

The third great element of order—that upon which all society is based—the great key-stone of society—is THE SANCTITY OF THE MARRIAGE TIE. Whatever else you interfere with, this must not be touched, for Christ our Lord Himself said: "Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." A valid marriage can only be dissolved by the angel of death. No power in Heaven or on earth—much less in Hell—can dissolve the validity of a marriage. Henry VIII had so little respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie, that he put away from him brutally a woman to whom he was lawfully married, and took in her stead, while she was yet living, a woman who was supposed to be his own daughter. He married six wives. Two of them he repudiated—divorced—two of them he beheaded, one of them died in childbirth, and the sixth and last, Catharine Parr, had her name down in Henry's book, at the time of his death, among the list of his victims; he had made the list out, and if the monster had lived a few days longer, she would have been sacrificed. This is all a matter of history.

And now, I ask the American public, is it fair for Mr. Froude, or any other living man, to come and present himself before an American audience, an audience of intelligent people, and people that have read history as well as the English historian, and ask them to believe the absurd paradox that Henry VIII was an admirer of order and a hater of disorder. But Mr. Froude says: "Now it is not fair to refer to this. I said in my lecture that I would have nothing whatever to do with Henry's matrimonial transactions." Ah! Mr. Froude, you were wise.

HENRY VIII AND HIS DISPOSITION OF IRISH LAND.

"But at least," he says, "in his relations to Ireland, I claim that he was a hater of disorder;" and the proof he gives is the following: First of all, he says that one great curse of Ireland was the absentee landlords, and he is right. Now, Henry VIII put an end to that business in the simplest way imaginable; he simply took the estates from the absentees and gave them to other people." My friends, it sounds well, very plausible, this saying of the English historian. Let us analyze it a little. During the wars of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster, which preceded the Reformation in England, many English and Anglo-Norman families went over from Ireland to England and joined in the conflict. It was an English question and an English war, and the consequence was that numbers of the settlers retired from Ireland and left their estates—abandoned them entirely. Others again, from disgust, or because they had large English properties, preferred to live in their own country, and retired from Ireland to live in England. So that when Henry VIII came to the throne of England, there remained within the boundaries of the Pale, one-half of Louth, Westmeath, Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford. Nothing more. Henry, according to Mr. Froude, performed a great act of justice. He took from these absentees their estates and gave them—to whom? To other Englishmen of his own favorites and friends. Now the historic fact is this, that the Irish people, as soon as the English retired and abandoned their estates, the Irish people came in and possessed themselves of their property. Mark, my friends, that even if the Irish people had no title to that property, the very fact of the English having abandoned it gave them a sufficient title—"bona relicta sunt primis capientibus"—things that are abandoned belong to the man that gets first hold of them. But much more just was the title of the Irish people to that land, because it was their own; because they were unjustly dispossessed of it by the very men who abandoned it now. And therefore they came in with a two-fold title, namely: "The land is ours because there

is nobody to claim it, and even if there were, the land is ours, because it was always ours, and we never lost our right to it." When, therefore, Henry VIII, the lover of order, dispossessed the absentees of their estates, he sent other Englishmen who would reside there, and handed over these estates to them. Remember, the enforcement of their claims involved driving the Irish people a second time out of their property. There is the whole secret of Henry the Eighth's wonderful beneficence to Ireland in giving us resident landlords.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO THE POINT.

Just look at it yourselves. If you owned property—there are doubtless a great many here owners of property—just picture to yourselves the United States Government, or the President of the United States, turning you out of your property, taking your houses and lots and land from you and giving them to some friend of his own, and then saying to you: "Now, my friends, you must remember that I am a lover of order. I have given you a resident landlord."

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S PRETENDED REFORMS.

Henry, as soon as he ascended the throne, sent over the Earl of Surrey to Ireland, in the year 1520. Surrey was a brave soldier, a stern, energetic man; and Henry thought by sending him over to Ireland, and backing him with a mighty army, he would be able to reduce to order the disorderly elements of the Irish nation. That disorder reigned in Ireland I am the first to admit, but in tracing that to its cause, I claim that the cause was not in any inherent love for disorder in the Irish character; they were always ready to fight, I grant—but I hold and claim that the great cause of all the disorder and turmoil of Ireland was the strange and incoherent legislation of England for four hundred years previous; and, secondly, the presence of the Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland, who were anxious to keep up the disorders in the country in order that they might have an excuse from paying their duties to the feudal King. Surrey came over, and tried the strong hand for a time; but he found, brave as he was, and accomplished in generalship, that the Irish people were a little too many for him, and he sent word to Henry: "These people," he says, "can only be subdued by conquering them utterly"—cutting off all of them by fire and sword. "Now," he says, "this you will not be able to do, because the country is too large, and because the country is so geographically fixed that it is impossible for an army to penetrate its fastnesses, and to subjugate the whole people. Then he asserted that Henry VIII took up the policy of reconciliation. He could not help it. Mr. Froude makes it a great virtue in Henry, that he tried in this manner to conciliate the Irish people. He took up that policy because he had to do it; because he could not help it.

WHAT SURREY'S LETTERS PROVE.

Now my friends, there is one passage in the correspondence between Surrey and Henry VIII that speaks volumes, and it is this: When the Earl of Surrey arrived in Ireland, he found himself in the midst of war and confusion, but the people that were really at the source of all that confusion he declares to be not so much the Irish or their chiefs as the Anglo-Norman or English lords in Ireland. Here is the passage in question. There were two chieftains of the McCarthys—McCarthy Con-O'More and McCarthy Rhaid, or Red McCarthy. Surrey writes of these two men, to Henry VIII, and says: "These are two wise men, and more conformable to order than some Englishmen here." Out of the lips of one of Ireland's bitterest enemies I take an answer to Mr. Froude's repeated allegation that the Irish are so disorderly and such lovers of turmoil and confusion that the only way to reduce us to order is to sweep us away altogether.

SURREY'S POLICY.

The next feature in Surrey's policy, when he found that he could not conquer with the sword, was to set chieftain against chieftain. And so he writes to Henry: "I am endeavoring," says he, "to perpetuate the animosity between O'Donnell and O'Neill of Ulster,"—here are his words—"for it would be dangerous to have them both agree and join together." It would be dangerous to England. Well may Mr. Froude say that in the day when we Irishmen are united we shall be invincible, and no power on earth shall keep us slaves. "It would be dangerous to have them to agree and join together, and the longer they continue in war, the better it will be for your grace's poor subjects here." Now, mark the spirit of that letter. IT MARKS THE WHOLE GENIUS AND SPIRIT OF ENGLAND'S TREATMENT OF IRELAND. He does not speak of the Irish as the subjects of the King of England. He has not the slightest consideration for the unfortunate Irish whom they were pitting against each other. "Let them bleed," he says, "the longer they continue at war, and the greater number of them that are swept away, the better it will be for your grace's poor subjects here." Party legislation, party law, intended only to protect the English settler and exterminate the Irishman. This Sir John Davis himself, the Attorney-General of James I, declared lay at the bottom of all English legislation for Ireland for four hundred years, and was the cause of all the evils and miseries of Ireland.

ANOTHER OF MR. FROUDE'S FALLACIES.

Surrey retired after two years, and then, according to Mr. Froude, Henry tried "Home Rule" in Ireland. Here, again, the learned historian tries to make a point for his hero. "Irishmen," he says, "admire the memory of this man. He tried Home Rule with you, and he found that you were not able to govern yourselves, and then he was obliged to take the whip and drive you." Let us see what kind of Home Rule Henry tried. One would imagine that Home Rule in Ireland meant that Irishmen should manage their own affairs and make their own laws. It either means this, or it means nothing. It is a delusion, a mockery, and a snare, unless it means that the Irish people have a right to assemble in their parliament and to govern themselves by legislating for themselves, and making their own laws. Did Henry the Eighth's "Home Rule" mean this? Not a bit of it. All he did was to make the Earl of Kildare the Lord Lieutenant or Lord Deputy of Ireland, to please the Irishmen—that is to say, an Anglo-Norman Irishman at the

head of the State for a few years. In this consists the whole scheme of Home Rule attributed by Mr. Froude to Henry the Eighth. He did not call upon the Irish nation and say to them, "Return your members to Parliament, and I will allow you to make your own laws." He did not call upon the Irish chieftains, the natural representatives of the nation; the men in whose veins flowed the blood of Ireland's chieftainship for thousands of years. He did not call upon the O'Briens, the O'Neills, the McCarthymores, and the O'Connors, and say to them, "come and assemble, and make laws for yourselves—and, if they are just laws, I will set my seal upon them, and allow you to govern Ireland through your own legislation." No; but he set up a clique of Anglo-Norman lords, the most unruly, the most lawless, and the most restless pack we hear of, or read of, in all history. He set these men to take the government of the country for a time in their hands, and what was the consequence? No sooner did he leave them to govern than they began to make war on the Irish—to tear them to pieces.

The first thing that Kildare does, after his appointment in 1522, is to summon an army and lay waste the territories of the Irish chieftains around him, to kill their people, and burn their villages. After a time they fell out among themselves. The Anglo-Norman family of the Butlers became jealous of Kildare, who was a Fitzgerald, and they began to accuse him of treason—and on two occasions it is really true that Kildare did carry on a treasonable correspondence—in the year 1534 with Francis I, King of France; and again, also, with Charles V, Emperor of Germany. He was sent to England for the third time, to answer for his conduct, in 1534, and then Henry put him in prison. While he was in the Tower, in London, his son, Thomas Fitzgerald, who was called "Gilden Thomas," a brave young man, revolted because his father was in prison, and they told him that Henry intended to put him to death. Henry declared war against him, and he against the King of England; and the consequence of that war was, that the whole province of Munster and a great part of Leinster was ravaged by the King's armies; the people were destroyed, and the towns and villages burned, until at length there was not as much left as would feed man or beast. And so, then, under the *Home Rule of Henry*, the troubles with the Norman lords and the treason of Kildare ended in the ruin of nearly one-half of the Irish people.

Perhaps you will ask me, did the Irish people take part in that war, so as to justify Henry's share in the awful treatment they received? I answer, they took no part in it; it was an English business from beginning to end. O'Carroll, O'Moore of Ossory, and O'Connor—these were the only Irish chieftains that sided with the Geraldines at all, and drew the sword against England; and they were three chiefs of rather small importance, and by no means represented the Irish, as it was called, of Munster or any other Irish province. And yet upon the Irish people fell the avenging hand of Henry the Eighth's armies.

MR. FROUDE SIFTED—THE ENGLISH STATE PAPERS.

Mr. Froude goes on to say that the Irish people, somehow or other, got to liking Henry VIII. Well, if they did, I can't admire their taste.

"Henry VIII pleased them," says Mr. Froude. "Henry," he says, "never showed any disposition to dispossess the Irish people of their lands, and to exterminate them." Honest Henry! gentle Henry! Now, I take Mr. Froude up on that point.

Fortunately for the Irish historian, the State papers are open to us as well as to Mr. Froude. What do the State papers of the reign of Henry the Eighth tell us? They tell us that project after project was formed during the reign of this monarch to drive all the Irish nation into Connaught, over the Shannon. That Henry wished to do away with the Irish Council that governed Ireland by Home Rule; Henry wished it, and the people of England desired it, and one of these State papers ends in these words: "Consequently, the promise brought to pass—There shall no Irish be on this side of the waters of Shannon, unpersecuted, unsubjected, and unexiled; then shall the English pale be well two hundred miles long, and more." More than this: we have the evidence of the State papers of the time, that Henry the Eighth immediately contemplated the sweeping destruction and

UTTER EXTERMINATION OF THE WHOLE IRISH RACE.

We find even the Lord Deputy and Council in Dublin writing to his majesty, and here are the very words:

"They told me that his verdict is impracticable; they say that the land is very large—by estimation as large as England—so that, to inhabit the whole with new inhabitants, the number would be so great there is no prince in Christendom that conveniently might spare so many subjects to depart out of his regions, and to comprise the whole extirpation and total destruction of the Irish. It is a marvelous and sumptuous charge, and more impossible, considering the inhabitants are of great hardness. And more than this, the Irishmen can endure both hunger and cold, and even a want of lodging, more than the inhabitants of any other land. For if they, by the precedent of a conquest, have this land, we have not read in any chronicle of such a conquest of the inhabitants of the land; nor have we heart for seeking the extermination or banishment of a whole people!"

Great God! Is this the man that Mr. Froude tells us was the friend of Ireland, and never showed any desire to take their lands, and dispossess and destroy them? This is the man—the admirer of order and hater of disorder; surely, he was about to create a magnificent order; for his idea was, if a people are troublesome, and you want to reduce them to quiet, the best and the simplest way is to kill them all. Just like some of those people in England—those nurses we read of a few years ago—that were farming out children. When the child was a little fractious, they gave him a nice little dose of poison, and they called it quietness.

HENRY'S POLICY EXPOSED.

Do you know the reason why Henry the Eighth pleased the Irish? For there was no doubt about it, they were more pleased with him than with any English monarch up to that time. The reason is a very simple one. He had his own designs, but he concealed them; and while he was meditating,

like an anticipated Oliver Cromwell, the utter ruin and destruction of all the Irish race, he had the good sense to keep it to himself, and he only comes out in his state papers. He treated the Irish with a certain amount of courtesy and politeness. Henry, with all his faults, was a learned man—an accomplished man—a man of very elegant manners—a man with a bland smile—who would give you a warm shake of the hands. It is true, he might the next day have your head cut off, but still he had the manners of a gentleman; and it is a singular fact, my friends, that the two most gentlemanly kings of England were the greatest scoundrels that ever lived—Henry the Eighth and George the Fourth. Accordingly, he dealt with the Irish people with a certain amount of civility and courtesy; he did not come among them like all his predecessors before him, saying: "You are the King's enemies; you are to be put to death; you are without the pale of the law; you are barbarians and savages; I will have nothing to say to you." Not a bit of it. Henry came and said: "Let us see if we can not arrange our difficulties—if we can't live in peace and quiet." And the Irish were charmed with his manners.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

Ah! my friends, it is true that there was a black heart under that smiling face; and it is also true and veritable that Mr. Froude's statement that Henry the Eighth had a certain amount of popularity among the Irish people proves that if the English only knew how to treat us with respect and courtesy, and with some show of kindness, they would have long since won the heart of Ireland, instead of being embittered as much by the haughtiness and stupid pride of her sons' manners, as well as by the injustice and cruelty of her laws. And this is what I meant when, on last Tuesday evening, I asserted that English contempt for Ireland is the real evil that lies deeply at the root of all the bad spirit that exists between the two nations, for the simple reason that the Irish people are too intellectual, too strong, too energetic, too pure of race and blood, too ancient and too proud to be despised.

HOW THE IRISH THREW THE POPE OVERBOARD.

And now, my friends, Mr. Froude went on in his lectures to give a proof of the great love the Irish people had for Harry the Eighth, he says that we were so fond of this King, that we actually, at the King's request, threw the Pope overboard. Now, Mr. Froude, fond as we were of your glorious hero, Harry the Eighth, we were not so enamored of him—we had not fallen so deeply in love with him—as to give up the Pope for him.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS MATTER.

What are the facts of the case? Henry, about the year 1530, got into difficulties with the Pope, which ended in his denying the authority and the supremacy of the head of the Catholic Church. He then picked out an absolute monk, a man who had given up his faith, a man without a shadow of either conscience, character or virtue, and he had consecrated the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. This was an Englishman by the name of Brown, and he sent George Brown over to Dublin, in 1534, with a commission to get the Irish nation to follow in the wake of England, and throw the Pope overboard and acknowledge Henry's supremacy. Brown arrived in Dublin, and he called the bishops together—the bishops of the Catholic Church—and he said to them, you must change your allegiance, you must give up the Pope and take Henry, the King of England, in his stead. The Archbishop of Armagh, in these days, was an Englishman; his name was Cramer; the moment he heard these words, he raised up at the council-board and said: "What blasphemy is this I hear? Ireland will never change her faith. Ireland will never renounce her Catholicity, and she would have to do it by renouncing the head of the Catholic Church." All the bishops of Ireland followed the Primate; all the priests of Ireland followed the Primate; and George Brown wrote a most lugubrious letter home to his protector, Thomas Cromwell, telling him: "I can make nothing of these people, and I would return to England, only I am afraid the King would have my head taken off."

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT OF 1537.

Three years later, however, Brown and the Lord-Deputy summoned a Parliament, and it was at this Parliament of 1537, according to Mr. Froude, that Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Now what are the facts? A Parliament was assembled from time immemorial in Ireland. Whenever the Parliament was assembled, there were three delegates, called Proctors, from every Catholic diocese in Ireland, who sat in the House of Commons, by virtue of their office—three priests—from every diocese in Ireland. When the Parliament was called, the very first thing that they did was to banish the three Proctors who came from every diocese in Ireland, and to deprive them of their seats in the House. Without the slightest justice, without the slightest show or pretense of either right, or law, or justice, the Proctors were excluded, and so the ecclesiastical element of Ireland, the Church element, was precluded from that Parliament of 1537. Then, partly by bribes and partly by threats, the venal Parliament of the Pale, the English Pale, the Parliament of the region of the rotten little boroughs that surrounded Dublin in the five half-counties, we have seen them willing to take the oath that Henry VIII was the head of the Church; and this Mr. Froude calls the apostasy of the Irish nation. With this strange want of knowledge—for I can call it nothing else—of our religion, he attests that Ireland remained Catholic, even though he asserts that she gave up the Pope. "They took the oath," he says, "bishops and all, took the oath of Henry the Eighth's supremacy, and they didn't become Protestants; they still remained Catholics, and the reason why they refused to take the same oath to Elizabeth was, that Elizabeth insisted upon the Protestant religion as well as the supremacy."

WHO ARE CATHOLICS?

Now I answer Mr. Froude at once, to set him right on this point. The Catholic Church teaches, and always has taught, that no man is a Catholic who is not in the communion of obedience with the Pope of Rome. Henry VIII, who was a learned man, had too much logic and too much theology, and too much sense to become what is called a Prot stant. He

never embraced the doctrines of Luther, and he held on to every iota of the Catholic doctrine to the very last day of his life, save and except that he refused to acknowledge the Pope, and on the day that Henry VIII refused to acknowledge the Pope, Henry III ceased to be a Catholic. To pretend, therefore, or to trust, that the Irish people were so ignorant as to imagine that the King threw the Pope overboard, and still remained a Catholic, is to offer to the genius and to the intelligence of Ireland a gratuitous insult.

EIGHT BISHOPS APOSTATISED.

It is true that some eight of the bishops apostatised—I can call it nothing else. They took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII. Their names, living in the execration of Irish history, were Eugene Maginnis, Bishop of Down, in Connaught; Roland Burke, I am sorry to say, Bishop of Coleraine; Folrence Glanone, Bishop of Clonmacnoise; Matthew Sanders, Bishop of Limerick; Hugh O'Sullivan, Bishop of Clonfert—five bishops apostatised. The rest of Ireland's episcopacy remained faithful. George Brown, the apostate Archbishop of Dublin, acknowledges, in a letter written at this time, that of all the priests in the Diocese of Dublin, he can only persuade three to take the oath to Henry VIII. There was a priest down in Cork, he was an Irishman—a rector in the See of Shannon—and his name was Dominick Terry, and he was offered the Bishopric of Cork, if he took the oath, and he took it. There was a man by the name of William Myrragh, another priest; he was offered the Diocese of Kildare, if he took the oath, and he took it. There was a man by the name of Alexander Deveraux, Abbot of Dunbrody, a Cistercian monk; he was offered the Diocese of Ferns, in the County Wexford, and he took it. These are all the names that represent the national apostasy of Ireland—eight men. Out of so many hundreds, eight were found wanting; and yet Mr. Froude turns around, quietly and calmly, and tells us that the Irish bishops, priests and people were found wanting, and threw the Pope overboard.

MR. FROUDE BROUGHT UP WITH A ROUND TURN.

He makes another assertion, and I regret he made it; I regret it because there is much in the learned gentleman that I admire and esteem. He asserts that the bishops of Ireland, in those days, were immoral men; that they had families, that they were not at all like the venerable men whom we see established in the episcopacy to-day. Now, I answer, there is not a shred of testimony to bear up Mr. Froude in this wild assertion. I have read the history of Ireland—national, civil and ecclesiastical—as far as I could, and nowhere have I seen even an allegation, much less a proof, of immorality against the Irish clergy and their bishops, at the time of the Reformation. But perhaps when Mr. Froude said this of the bishops, he meant the apostate bishops; if so, I am willing to grant him whatever he chooses, in regard to them, and whatever charge he lays upon them, the heavier it is, the more satisfied am I to see it coming.

The next passage in the relations of Henry VIII to Ireland, goes to prove that Ireland did not throw the Pope overboard. My friends, in the year 1541, a Parliament assembled in Dublin, and declared that Henry VIII was King of Ireland. They had been four hundred years or more fighting for that title; at length it was conferred by the Irish Parliament upon the English monarch. Two years later, in gratitude to the Irish Parliament, Henry called all the Irish chieftains over to a grand assembly at Greenwich, and on the 1st of July, 1643, he gave the Irish chieftains their English titles. O'Neill of Ulster got the title of Earl of Tyrone; the glorious O'Donnell, the title of Earl of Tyrconnell; Ulick MacWilliam Burke was called the Earl of Ossory, and they returned to Ireland with their new English titles.

HENRY'S GENEROSITY.

Henry, free, open-handed, generous fellow as he was—for he was really very generous—he gave them not only titles, but he gave them a vast amount of property, which happened to be stolen from the Catholic Church. He was an exceedingly generous man with other people's goods. He had a good deal of that spirit which Artemas Ward made mention of when he said "he was quite content to see his wife's first cousin go to the war." In order to promote reformation, not Protestantism, but his own reformation in Ireland, Henry gave to these Irish Earls, with their English titles, all the abbey lands, all the convents and all the churches that lay in their possessions. The consequence was, he enriched them, and, to the eternal shame of the O'Neill and the O'Donnell, MacWilliam, Burke and Fitzpatrick of Ossory, they had the cowardice and weakness to accept the gifts at his hands. Then they came home with the spoils of the monasteries and their English titles.

Now, mark! The Irish people were as true as flint on that day when the Irish chieftains were false to their country. Nowhere in the previous history of Ireland do we read of the clans rising against their chieftains; nowhere do we read of the O'Neill and the O'Donnell being despised by their own people, but on this occasion, when they came home. Mark what follows. O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, when he arrived in Munster, found half of his dominions in revolt against him. The Burkes of Connaught, as soon as they heard that MacWilliam, their natural leader—the Earl who had accepted the abbey lands—the very first thing they did was to depose him and set up another man, not by the title of the Earl of Clanricarde, but by the title of MacWilliam Ulrick De Burgh. When O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, came home to Ulster, he was taken, by his own son, clapped into jail, and he died there. O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, came home, and his own son and all his people rose up against him, and drove him from their midst.

Now, I say, in the face of all this, Mr. Froude is not justified in stating that Ireland threw the Pope overboard; for, remember these chieftains did not renounce the Catholic religion, according to Mr. Froude, they only renounced the Papal supremacy; they did not come home Protestants, they only came home schismatics and bad Catholics, and Ireland would not stand that.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER HENRY VIII DIED.

Henry died in 1547, and I verily believe that, with all the badness of his heart, if he had lived for a few years longer, his life would not have been so much a curse as a blessing to Ireland, for the simple reason that those who came after him were worse than himself.

He was succeeded by his child-son, Edward VI. Edward was under the care of the Duke of Somerset. Somerset was a thorough-going Protestant, and did not believe in the Papal Supremacy, in the Mass, in the Sacraments; in any thing that formed the especial teaching of the Catholic Church. He was opposed to them all, and he sent over to Ireland his orders, as soon as Henry was dead, and when young Edward was proclaimed King, to put the laws in force against Catholics. The churches were pillaged, the Bishops and Priests driven out, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "The emblems of superstition were pulled down." The emblems of superstition, as Mr. Froude calls them, were the figures of Christ Jesus, crucified, the statues of His Blessed Mother, and the statues and pictures of His saints. All these things were pulled down and destroyed, the crucifix was trampled under foot, and the ancient statues of Our Lady were publicly burned; the churches were rifled and sacked. Then, as Mr. Froude eloquently puts it, "Ireland was taught a lesson that she must yield to the new order of things or stand by the Pope." "And Irish traditions," he says, "and ideas become inseparably linked with religion." Glory to you, Mr. Froude! He goes on to say, in eloquent language, "Ireland chose its place on the Pope's side, and chose it irrevocably; and, from that time, the CAUSE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION AND IRISH INDEPENDENCE BECAME INSEPARABLY ONE." If the learned gentleman were present, I have no doubt he would rise up and bow his thanks to you for the hearty manner in which you have received his sentiments. I am sure, as he is not here, he will not take it ill of me when I thank you in his name.

QUEEN MARY.

Edward died after a short reign, and then came Queen Mary, who is known in England by the name of "Bloody Mary." She was a Catholic, and, without doubt, she persecuted her Protestant subjects. But Mr. Froude makes this remark of her. In his lecture, he says: "There was no persecution of Protestants in Ireland, because there were no Protestants there to be persecuted." He goes on to say, "Those who were in the land fled when Mary came to the throne."

Now, my friends, I must take the learned historian to task in this. The insinuation is, that if any Protestant had been in Ireland, that the Irish Catholic people would have persecuted them. The impression that he tries to leave on the mind is, that we Catholics are only too glad to imbrue our hands in the blood of our fellow-citizens on the question of religious differences and of doctrine. And he goes on to confirm this impression by saying, "The Protestants that were in Ireland fled." As much as to say, whatever chance they had in another country, they had no chance in Ireland.

Now what are the historic facts? The facts are, that during the reign of Edward VI, and during the later years of his father's reign, certain apostates from the Catholic faith were sent over to Ireland as bishops—men whom even English history convicts and condemns of every crime. As soon as Mary came to the throne, these gentlemen did not wait to be ordered out; they went out of their own accord. It was not a question at all of the Irish people; it was a question between the Catholics of England and certain English bishops foisted upon the Irish Church. They thought it was the best of their play to clear out—and I verily believe they acted very prudently.

But as far as regards the Irish people, I claim for my native land that SHE NEVER PERSECUTED ON ACCOUNT OF RELIGION. I am proud, in addressing an American audience, to be able to make this high claim for Ireland—that the genius of the Irish people is not a persecuting genius. There is not a people on the face of the earth so attached to the Catholic religion as the Irish race. But there is not a people on the face of the earth so unwilling to persecute or to shed blood in the cause of religion as the Irish. And here are my proofs. Mr. Froude says that the Protestants made off out of Ireland as soon as Mary came to the throne. But Sir James Ware, in his annals, tells us: "That the Protestants were being persecuted in England under Mary, and they actually fled over to Ireland for protection." He even gave the names of some of them. He tells us that John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmunds and Henry Hore, all natives of Cheshire, came over to Ireland to avoid the persecution in England. They brought a Welsh Protestant minister, by the name of Thomas Jones, with them. Nay, more: These four gentlemen were received so cordially, and were welcomed so hospitably, that they actually founded highly respectable mercantile houses in Dublin.

A TELLING INSTANCE OF IRISH LOVE OF FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

We have another magnificent proof that the Irish people are not a persecuting race. When James II assembled his Catholic Parliament in Ireland in 1680, though they had been more than a hundred years under the lash of their Protestant fellow-citizens, robbed, plundered, imprisoned and put to death for their conscientious adherence to the Catholic faith. At last the wheel got turned, and, in 1689, the Catholics went up and the Protestants went down. That Parliament met to the number of 228 members. The *Celt*—the Irish Catholic element—was in a sweeping majority. What was the first law that they made? The very first law that Catholic Parliament made was as follows: "We hereby decree that it is the law of Ireland, that neither now nor ever again shall any man be persecuted for his religion." That was the retaliation we took on them. Was it not magnificent? Was it not a grand, magnificent specimen of that spirit of Christianity; that spirit of forgiveness and charity, without which, if it is not within the Christian's heart, all the dogmatic truths that were ever revealed won't save or ennoble him.

MR. FROUDE AND GOOD QUEEN BESS.

And now, coming to good "Queen Bess," as she is called, Mr. Froude lays it on her very heavy. He speaks of her rule

in language as terrific in its severity as I could, and far more; for I have not the learning or the eloquence of Mr. Froude. But he says one little thing of her worthy of remark. He says Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword; but when she did draw it she never sheathed it until the star of freedom was fixed upon her banner, never to pale. That is a very eloquent passage. But the soul of eloquence is truth. Is it true, historically, that Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword? I answer it by Irish annals—I answer it by the history of Ireland. Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558. The following year, in 1559, there was a Parliament assembled, by her order, in Dublin. What do you think were the laws that were made in that Parliament? It was not a Catholic Parliament, but an Irish Parliament. It consisted of seventy-six gentlemen. Generally speaking, the Parliament in Ireland used to have from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty members. This Parliament of Elizabeth consisted of seventy-six picked men. The laws that Parliament made were, first: "Any clergyman not using the 'Book of Common Prayer—the Protestant Prayer Book—or, using any other form of prayer, either in public or private, the first time he is discovered, is to be deprived of his benefice for one year, and suffer imprisonment in jail for six months. For a second offense he is to forfeit his income forever, and to be put into jail, to be let out only at the Queen's good pleasure"—whenever she thought proper. "For the third offense he was to be put in close confinement for life." This is the lady that was reluctant to draw the sword, my friends. Remember, this was the very year after she was crowned Queen. She scarcely waited a year, and yet this was the woman that was reluctant to draw the sword!

So much for the priests; now for the laymen. If any layman was discovered using another Prayer Book, except Elizabeth's Prayer Book, he was put into jail for a year, and if caught doing that a second time, he was put in prison for the rest of his life. Every Sunday the people were obliged to go to the Protestant Church. If any one refused to go, for every time he refused he was fined about twelve pence—that would be about twelve shillings of our present money. And besides the fine of twelve pence, he was to incur the censures of the Church. "The star of freedom," says Mr. Froude, "was never to pale," and "the Queen drew the sword in the cause of the star of freedom." But, my friends, freedom meant—whatever in Elizabeth's mind it meant—freedom meant a slavery ten-fold increased by the addition of persecution to the other miseries of the unfortunate Irish. If this be Mr. Froude's ideal of the "star of freedom," all I can say is, the sooner such star falls from the firmament of heaven and the world's history, the better.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

In what state was the Irish Church? We have the authority of the Protestant historian, Leland, that there were two hundred and twenty parish churches in Meath, and, in a few years' time, there were only one hundred and two of them left with the roofs on. "All over the kingdom," says Leland, "the people were left without any religious worship, and under the pretext of obeying the orders of the State, they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which they exposed for sale, without decency of reserve. A number of hungry adventurers were let loose upon the Irish Church and the Irish people, by Elizabeth. They not only robbed them, but plundered their churches, and shed the blood of the bishops, priests, and the people of Ireland, in torrents, as Mr. Froude himself acknowledges. He tells us "that in the second rebellion of the Geraldines, such was the state to which the fair province of Munster was reduced, that you might get through the land, from the furthestmost point of Kerry, until you came into the eastern plains of Tipperary, and you would not even hear as much as the whistle of the plow-boy, or behold the face of a living man, and that the trenches and ditches were full of the corpses of the people;" that "the country was reduced to a howling, desolate wilderness." The poet Spencer describes it in the most terrible and graphic manner; and he, even case-hardened as he was, being one of the plunderers and persecutors himself, he acknowledges that "the state of Munster was such that no man could look upon it with a dry eye." Sir Henry Sydney, one of Elizabeth's own deputies, speaks of the Irish Church, "so deformed," he says, "and overthrown a Church; there is not, I am sure, in any religion where the name of Christ is professed, such horrible spectacles to behold, as the burning of villages, the ruin of churches, yea, the views of the bones and skulls of the dead, who, partly by murder and partly by famine, have died in the fields, is, in truth, such a sight as hardly any Christian, with any eyes, can behold." Her own minister, her own agent, there is his testimony of the state to which this terrible woman had reduced unhappy Ireland. Stafford, another English authority and statesman, says, "I knew it was bad, very bad, in Ireland, but that it was so terrible I did not believe."

THE OBJECT IN THIS.

And, in the midst of all this persecution, there was still a reigning idea in the minds of the English Government—it was still the old idea of rooting out and extirpating the Irish from their own land, to which was added the element of religious discord and persecution. It was evident that this was still in the mind of the English people. Elizabeth, who, Mr. Froude says, "never dispossessed an Irishman of an acre of his land"—Elizabeth, during the terrible war which she waged, in the latter days of her reign, against heroic Hugh O'Neill, in Ulster, threw out such hints as these: "The more slaughter there is, the better it will be for my English subjects, the more land they will get." This woman, whom Mr. Froude tells us "never confiscated, and would never listen to the idea of the confiscation of property;" this woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of their vast estates—millions of acres—of the Earl of Desmond, and gave them all quietly and calmly to certain Englishmen from Lancashire, Devonshire, Somersetshire and Cheshire. And in the face of these truths, recorded and stamped on the world's history, I can not understand how any man can come in and say of this atrocious woman, "What-ever she did, she intended for the good of Ireland."

In 1602 she died, after reigning forty-one years, leaving

Ireland, at the hour of her death, *one vast slaughter-house*. Munster was reduced to the state in which Spencer described it. Connaught was reduced to a wilderness, through the rebellion of the Clanricarde's of the Burke family. Ulster, through the agency of Lord Mountjoy, was left the very picture of desolation. The glorious red Hugh O'Donnell, and the magnificent Hugh O'Neil, were crushed and defeated after fifteen years' war; and the consequence was, that when James the First succeeded Elizabeth, he found Ireland almost a wilderness.

JAMES I.

What did he do? He, at first, promised the Irish that they should keep their lands. He succeeded to the throne of England in 1603, and for four years—I must give him the credit for four years—he kept his word. In 1607, through a sham conspiracy, Hugh O'Neill and O'Donnell Tyrconnell fled from the country, and then Sir Arthur Chichester, the agent of the English King, developed one of the most extraordinary schemes that was ever heard of, in the relations between one country and another. They took the whole of the province of Ulster, every square inch of Ireland's richest and finest province, and *cleared out the whole Irish population, and handed it over bodily to settlers from England and Scotland*. It was called the "PLANTATION OF ULSTER." They gave to the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, *forty-three thousand acres* of the finest land in Ireland; they gave to Trinity College, in Dublin, 30,000 acres; they gave to the skippers, drysalters and cordwainers, those corporations and trades of London, 208,000 acres; they brought over colonies of Scotch Presbyterian, and English Protestants, and gave them lots of 1,000, 1,500 and 2,000 acres of land in extent, making them swear, as a condition, that they would not as much as *employ one single Irish Catholic*, or let them come near them. Thus millions of acres of the finest land in Ireland were taken, at one single blow, from the Irish people, and they were thrust out of all their property.

MR. FROUDE AGAIN DISSECTED.

Mr. Froude, in his rapid historical sketch, says: "But all this, of course, bred revenge." He tells us, "In 1641 the Irish rose in rebellion." They did. Now he makes one statement, and with the refutation of that statement, I close this lecture.

I know, my friends, to many among you these lectures must appear dry; we can not help it; history generally is a dry subject. Mr. Froude tells us that in the rising under Sir Phelan O'Neill, in 1642, there were *thirty-eight thousand* Protestants murdered by the Irish. Now, that is a grave charge; that is one of the most terrific things to accuse a people of if it be not true. If it be true, all I can say is that I blush for my fathers. But if it be not true, why repeat it? Why not, in the name of God, wipe it out with disdain from the record of history? Is it true? The Irish rose under Sir Phelan O'Neill, and at that time there was a Protestant person in Ireland calling himself "a minister of the word of God." He gave his account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people, begging of them to help their fellow-Protestants in Ireland. Here are his words: "It is the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed, the third one—this massacre—they failed in." Petit, an English authority, tells us that there were 30,000 Protestants massacred at that time. A man by the name of May, another historian, puts it at 200,000; he thought; "In for a penny in for a pound." But there was an honest Protestant clergyman in Ireland, who examined minutely into the details of the whole conspiracy and all the evils that came from it. What does he say? "I have discovered," he says, and gives the proof from state papers and authentic records, "that the Irish Catholics in that rising massacred 2,100 Protestants, that other Protestants said that there were 1,600 more, and that some Irish authorities themselves say that there were 300 more, making altogether 4,000 persons." This is the massacre that Mr. Froude says, as he just tosses it off as calmly as if it were Gospel, "38,000 Protestants were massacred;" that is to say, he has multiplied the original number by ten, where, as Mr. Warner, the authority in question, actually says, "That there were 2,100, and," he continues, "I am not willing to believe in the additional numbers that have been sent in." This is the way that history is written; this is the way that people are left under false impressions.

THE VERDICT DEMANDED.

Now, from all we have seen of the terrible nature of the evils which fell upon Ireland in the days of Henry the Eighth, in the days of Elizabeth, in the days of James the First, I ask you, people of America, to set these two thoughts before your mind, contrast them, and *give one a fair verdict*.

FATHER BURKE'S PERORATION.

Is there any thing recorded in history, more terrible than the persistent, undying resolution so clearly manifested by the English Government to root out, extirpate and destroy the people of Ireland? Is there any thing recorded in history more unjust than this systematic, constitutional robbery of a people, whom the Almighty God created in that island, to whom He gave that island, and who had the aboriginal right to every inch of Irish soil?

On the other hand, can history bring forth a more magnificent spectacle than the calm, firm, united resolution with which Ireland stood in defense of her religion, and gave up all things rather than sacrifice what she conceived to be the cause of truth? Mr. Froude does not believe that it was the cause of truth. I do not blame him. Every man has a right to his religious opinions. But Ireland believed it was the cause of truth, and Ireland stood for it like one man.

I speak of all these things only historically. I do not believe in animosity. I am not a believer in bad blood. I do not believe with Mr. Froude that the question of Ireland's difficulties must ever remain without a solution. I do not give it up in despair; but this I do say, that he has no right—nor has any other man—to come before an audience of America—OF AMERICA! that has never persecuted in the cause of religion; of America, that respects the rights even of the meanest subject

upon her imperial soil—and to ask the American people to sanction by their verdict the robbery and the persecution of which England was guilty.

FATHER BURKE'S THIRD LECTURE.

IRELAND UNDER CROMWELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I now approach, in answering Mr. Froude, some of the most awful periods of our history, and I confess that I approach this terrible ground with hesitancy, and with an extreme regret that Mr. Froude should have opened up questions which oblige an Irishman to undergo the pain of heart and anguish of spirit which a revision of those periods of our history must occasion. The learned gentleman began his third lecture by reminding his audience that he had closed his second lecture with a reference to the rise, progress, and collapse of a great rebellion which took place in Ireland in 1641—that is to say, somewhat more than two hundred years ago. He made but a passing allusion to that great event in our history, and in that allusion—if he has been reported correctly—he said simply that the Irish rebelled in 1641; that was his first statement that it was a rebellion; secondly, that this rebellion

BEGAN IN MASSACRE AND ENDED IN RUIN.

Thirdly, that for nine years the Irish leaders had the destinies of their country in their hands; and, fourthly, that those nine years were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined more melancholy than the picture drawn by this learned gentleman of those nine sad years, but yet I will venture to say, and hope to be able to prove, that each of these four statements is without historical foundation. My first position is, that the movement of 1641 was not a rebellion; my second is, that it did not begin with massacre, although it ended in ruin; my third, that the Irish leaders had not the destinies of their country in their hands during those nine years; and my fourth, that whether they had or not, those years were not a period of anarchy and mutual slaughter. They were but the opening to a far more terrific period.

We must discuss these questions, my friends, calmly and historically. We must look at them like antiquarians prying into the past, rather than with the living, warm feelings of men whose blood boils at the remembrance of so much injustice and oppression. In order to understand these questions fully and fairly, it is necessary to go back to the historical events of the time. We find, then, that James the First had planted Ulster, which means that he had confiscated utterly and entirely six of the fairest counties in Ireland, an entire province, driving out its Catholic inhabitants to a man, and giving the whole country to Scotch and English settlers of the Protestant religion, and the condition was added that the new settlers should not have

AS MUCH AS AN IRISH LABORER

employed in their fields. This man James died in 1625, and was succeeded by his son, the unfortunate Charles I. England had been rendered almost an absolute monarchy by Henry VIII, as we know. His absolute power was still continued under the tyrannical Elizabeth, and by Charles' own father, James I. Charles came to the throne with the most exaggerated ideas of royal privilege and royal supremacy. During the days of his father a new spirit had grown up in Scotland and England. The form that Protestantism took in Scotland was the uncompromising and, I may say, cruel form of Calvinism in its most repellent aspect. The men who rose in Scotland in defense of their Presbyterian religion, rose not against Catholics, but against the Episcopalians of England. They defended what they called the Ark of the Covenant. They fought bravely, I acknowledge, for it, and they ended in establishing it as the religion of Scotland. Now Charles I was an Episcopalian Protestant of the most sincere and devoted kind. The Parliament of England, in the very first years of Charles, admitted numbers, who were

STRONGLY TINGED WITH SCOTCH CALVINISM,

and they at once showed a refractory spirit toward their King. He demanded certain subsidies and they refused him. He asserted certain sovereign rights, and they denied them. While this was going on in England, from 1630 to 1641, what was the condition of affairs in Ireland? One fertile province of the land had been confiscated by James I. Charles I was in need of money for his own purposes, and his Parliament refused to grant any, and the poor, oppressed and down-trodden Catholics of Ireland imagined, naturally enough, that the King, being in difficulties, would turn to them, and extend a little countenance and favor, if they proclaimed their loyalty and stood by him. Accordingly, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Falkland, desiring sincerely to aid his royal master, hinted to the Catholics, who had been enduring the most terrible penal laws, from the days of Elizabeth and James the First, that perhaps, if they should now petition the King, certain graces or concessions might be granted them. These concessions simply involved permission of riding over English land, and to worship God, according to the dictates of their own consciences. They sought for nothing more, and nothing more was promised them. When their petition was laid before the King, his royal Majesty issued a proclamation, in which he declared that it was his intention, and that he had plighted his word, to grant to the Catholics and the people of Ireland certain concessions and indulgencies, which he named as graces. No sooner did his Majesty's intention become known in England

THAN THE PURITAN ELEMENT

in the English Parliament, fighting rebelliously against the King, instantly rose and protested that there should be no relaxation of the penal laws against the Catholics of Ireland. And, Charles, to his eternal disgrace, broke his word to the Irish Catholics, after they had sent £120,000 in acknowledgement of his promised concessions. More than this. It was suspected that Lord Falkland was too just a man to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and after a short lapse of time Lord Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was sent to Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant. On arrival, Wentworth summoned a Parliament, and they met in the year 1634. He told them that the King was in difficulties, how the Parliament in England had

rebelled against him, and how he looked to the Irish Catholics as loyal. Perhaps he told them that, among Catholics, loyalty is not a mere sentiment, but an unshaken principle, resting on conscience and religion. And then he assured them that Charles, the King of England, still intended to keep his word, and to grant them their concessions. Next came the usual demand, money, and the Irish Parliament granted six subsidies of £50,000 each. Strafford wrote to the King, congratulating his Majesty that he had got so much money out of the Irish, for he said: "You and I remember that your Majesty expected only £30,000, and they have granted £50,000." More than this, the Irish Parliament voted the King 8,000 infantry and 1,000 horse to fight his rebellious Scottish subjects and enemies. The Parliament met the following year, in 1634, and what do you think of King Charles' fulfillment of his royal

PROMISES TO THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND?

After Strafford got the money, there was not a word about the promises of his master the King. He took upon himself, and fixed on his memory, the indelible shame and disgrace of breaking the word he had plighted, and disappointing the Catholics of Ireland. In 1635, the real character of this man came out, and what was the measure of his treachery? He instituted a commission for the express purpose of confiscating, in addition to Ulster, the whole province of Connaught, so as not to leave an Irishman or a Catholic one square inch of ground in that whole land. He called it a Commission of Defective Titles. The members of the commission were to inquire into the title of property, and to find a flaw in it, if they could, in order that the land might be confiscated to the crown of England. Remember how much of Ireland had already been seized, my friends. The whole of Ulster had been confiscated by James the First. The same King had taken the county of Longford from the O'Farrells, who had owned it from time immemorial. Wexford from the O'Tooles, and several other counties, from the Irish families, who were the rightful proprietors of the soil. And now, with the whole of Ulster and the better part of Leinster in his hands, this Minister instituted a commission, for the purpose of obtaining the whole of the province of Connaught, and of

ROOTING OUT THE NATIVE IRISH

population. The description of his plan is given by Leland, the historian, a man hostile to Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality. Leland thus describes this project:

It was nothing less, than to set aside the title of every estate in every part of Connaught, a project which when proposed in the late reign, was received with horror and amazement, and which suited the undimmed and enterprising genius of Lord Wentworth.

Strafford's commission began in Roscommon, and went thence into Sligo; thence to Mayo, and from Mayo to Galway. Mark how he managed the tribunal. To pass judgment upon the validity of a title, required a jury of twelve men, and according to their verdict, the title failed or not. Strafford began by packing the jury—packing them! It is the old story over again. The old policy continued to our time, the policy of a packed and prejudiced jury. He told the jury, before the trial began, that he expected them to find a verdict for the King, and, between bribery, and overawing, he got juries to go for him, until he came into my own county—Galway. And to the honor

OF OLD GALWAY,

be it said, that as soon as the commission arrived in that county, they could not find twelve jurors there, base enough or wicked enough, to confiscate the lands of their fellow-subjects. What was the result? The county Galway jurors were called to Dublin, before the Castle Chamber. Every man of them was fined £4,000, and put in prison, to be kept there until the fine was paid. Every square inch of their property was taken from them, and the High Sheriff of Galway, being a man of moderate means, and having been fined £1,000, died in jail, because he was not able to pay the unjust imposition.

Not content with threatening and coercing jurors, Strafford went to the Judges, and told them that they would get four shillings for every pound of property that they confiscated to the Crown, and he boasted, publicly, that he had made the Chief Baron, and the other Judges, attend to this business as if it was their own private concern.

This is the kind of rule that the learned gentleman asks the honest and upright citizens of this country, to endorse by their approval, and thereby make themselves accomplices of English robbery.

In the same way this Strafford, instituted another tribunal in Ireland, which he called the Court of Wards, and do you know what this was? It was found that the Irish people, gentle and simple, failed to become Protestants. I have not a harsh word to say to any of the Protestants, but I do say that

EVERY HIGH-MINDED PROTESTANT

in the world must admire the strength and fidelity with which Ireland, because of conscience, clings to her ancient faith, believing it true.

This tribunal was instituted to cut off the race of Catholic gentlemen, and bring in the Protestant religion, and to the action of this Court of Wards is owing the significant fact that some of the best and most ancient names in Ireland, the names of men whose fathers fought for the faith and father-land, belong to Protestants. All those families bearing my own name which are Protestant can trace the change of their religion to the Court of Wards. Not a drop of Protestant blood flowed in the veins of the Earl of Clanricarde. Before that court was instituted, there was nothing of Protestantism about the O'Briens of Munster, the O'Donnells and O'Nalls of Ulster, but they are Protestants to-day. Let no Protestant or American citizen imagine that I speak with disdain of his religion, but as a historian it is my duty to point out the means, which every high-minded man must brand as nefarious, by which the aristocracy of Ireland were led to change their religion.

But matters were becoming desperate between Charles and his Parliament, and in 1640 the King renewed his promises to the Irish Catholics. A Parliament was called, which granted four subsidies, 8,000 men, and 1,000 horse, to fight the Scotch, who had rebelled. Strafford went home after he had got the subsidies. The Parliament, which rebelled, got hold of him,

and in the same year his head was cut off, and he is a strange Irishman that can regret it. Mean-time the people of Scotland rose in armed rebellion against their King. They marched into England, and what do you think they made by the movement? They secured

FULL ENJOYMENT OF THEIR RELIGION.

which was not Protestant but Presbyterian. They got £300,000, and got for several months £850 a day to support their army. Then they retired into their own country, after achieving the purpose for which they revolted. Mean-time the loyal Catholics of Ireland were being ground in the very dust. What wonder, I ask you, was it that they counselled together and said, the King is afraid of the Parliament, though personally inclined to grant graces, which he has plighted his royal word to grant? The evidence is that if free he would grant those concessions he has promised. But the King is not free, said the Irish, for his Parliament has rebelled against him. Let us rise, in the King's name, and assert our rights. They rose in 1641—like one man, every Irishman and Catholic in Ireland rose. On the 23d of October, 1641, they all rose, with the exception of the Catholic Lords of the Pale. I will give you the reasons of their rising, as recorded in the "Memoirs of Lord Castlehaven," a Lord by no means prejudiced in favor of Ireland:

The Irish rose for six reasons: first, because they are generally looked down to as a conquered nation, seldom or never trusted after the manner of free-born subjects.

Here, dear friends, is the first reason given by this English Lord, that the Irish people rose after the English people treated them contemptuously. When will England learn to treat her subjects or friends with common respect. When will that proud;

STUBBORN, ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT

condescend to kindness in dealing with those around it. Much as the hatred of Englishmen for Irishmen may affect the Irish, their contempt for us is no less irritating than their terrible antagonism. The second reason given by Castlehaven is that the Irish saw six whole counties confiscated by the Crown, and the land gradually passing away from the natives. The third reason was that in Charles' time the Saxons laid claim also to the counties of Roscommon, Mayo, Galway, and Cork, with some other parts of territory in Limerick and Wicklow, and seized or tried to seize it. The fourth reason was that, according to the English account of the day, war was declared against the Roman Catholics, a fact which, to a people so fond of their religion as the Irish, was no small matter, no small inducement to make them sober and quiet, for as a race the Irish people are very fond of standing by their religious tenets and adhering to their religious opinions. The fifth reason was, that they saw how the Scots, by making a show of pretended grievances, and taking up arms against their oppressors in order to procure the rights to which they were justly entitled, procured the rights which they sought, secured the privileges and amenities due to a nation anxious to assert its own cause—its own independence. They secured £500,000 for their visit to Ireland, and the last reason was, that they saw such a misunderstanding exist between the King and the Parliament, and they consequently believed that the King would grant them any thing that they could in reason demand, or at least as much as they could expect. I ask you were not those sufficient grounds for any claim which the Irish might have made at that time? I appeal to the people of America. I speak to a gratuitous and generous people, who

KNOW WHAT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY MEANS.

I appeal here from this platform to-night for a people whose spirit was never broken, and never will be. I appeal here to-night for a people not inferior to the Saxon, or to any other race on the face of the earth, either in gifts of intellect or bodily energy. I appeal here to-night (and I address myself to the enlightened instincts of this great land) for a people who have been down-trodden and persecuted as our forefathers were, and I think it my duty, not as a minister, but as a historian, to stand up here to-night and state my reasons for so doing, believing that I have sufficient justification to stand up here and do so, and considering the fact of the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon Ireland, I don't think I would be doing justice to myself or to my country if I didn't take advantage of this opportunity to reply to the wrongs that have been heaped upon my unfortunate country. An English Protestant writer of the time to which I refer, writing in *Howell's Hibernicon*, says that they (the Irish) had sundry grievances and grounds of complaint, in reference to their estates and their consciences, which they pretend to be far greater than those of the Scots. For the Irish at the time believed that even though the Scots should alter their religion, that was no reason why they should have altered their own, for they gloried in the fact that they had never altered it. There was another reason why this state of things should not continue. Inasmuch as there was no cause why they should succumb to

THE WEAKNESS AND FOLLY OF CHARLES.

for I can call it nothing else, to preside at the head of the Irish Government. Sir George Borlase and Sir William Parsons both were partisans of the Parliament at the same time that they were its bitterest enemies, and they thought that he (the King) would be embarrassed in his fight with the Parliament in England by the revolution in Ireland, and so the very men who should be the guardians and preservers of the public peace lent themselves to revolution. For instance, six months before the revolution broke out, Charles gave them notice that he received intelligence that the lands were going to waste. They took no notice of the King's advertisements. The Irish Lords, who sought to remain faithful to the Crown, and live in peace, asked to be justified by the English residents and patrons of the King in Dublin, and it was refused them. They were refused permission to go into the city and escape the Irish rebellion, and the moment the Irish chieftains came near the settlers of the English King, their castles were declared forfeited as well as their estates, and so the Lords of Gormanstown and Trimbleton and others were forced to join hands with the Irish, and draw their swords in the glorious cause they so applauded and maintained. They were forced to this. Moreover the Irish knew that their friends and fellow countrymen were earning distinction and honor and glory upon all the battle fields of Europe—in the

service of Spain, France, and Austria, and they held, not without reason, that these, their countrymen, would help them in the hour of their need. Accordingly, on the 23d of October, 1641,

THEY AROSE.

What was the first thing they did, according to Mr. Froude? The first thing was to massacre all the Protestants they could lay their hands on. Well, my friends, this, as I will endeavor to show, is not the fact. The very first thing that their leader, Sir Phelim O'Neill, did, was to issue a proclamation, on the very day of the rising, in which he declares:

We rise in the name of our Lord the King: we rise to assert the power and prerogative of the King; we declare we do not wish to make war on the King or any one of his subjects; we declare moreover, that we do not intend to shed blood except in legitimate warfare, and that any man of our tribes that robs, plunders, or sheds blood shall be severely punished.

Did they keep to the word and the letter of this declaration? Most infallibly. I assert, in the name of history, that there was no massacre of Protestants, and this I will prove from Protestant authority. We find that on the 25th—the 27th of the same month in which is given that account of the rising of the Irish people—we find that according to Protestant accounts they complain, and tell us that the Irish stripped them, stripped their Protestant fellow-citizens, took their cattle, took their houses and their property, but not one single word of complaint is there about

ONE SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD

being shed. And, my friends, if they (the Irish) took their cattle and houses and property, you must remember that they were only taking back what was their own. And very shortly afterward the massacre began, but who began it, and where? The Irish, claiming and seeking protection, brought their lives with them to Carrickfergus, and what followed? They entered the town of Carrickfergus and they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in the confusion that arose, the poor country people all fled into an obscure part of the country near Carrickfergus, called Island Magee. They were there collected to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing these English Puritans and Scotch garrison did was to steal out of Carrickfergus in the night-time, so as to go in among them, an unarmed people, and slaughtered every man, woman and child they could find. They left 3,000 human beings dead behind them. Leland, the English Protestant historian, says, "This is the first massacre that occurred in Ireland on their side." This the first massacre! How in the name of Heaven can any man be so learned as Mr. Froude and make such untruthful assertions as he has advanced? How can he, in the name of history, assert that these (the Irish people) began by massacring 38,000 of his fellow-countrymen—his fellow-religionists, when we have in the month of December, four months after, a commission issued to the Dean Kilmore and

SEVEN OTHER PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN

to make sedulous inquiry about the English and Scotch Protestants who were plundered, and not a single inquiry about those who were murdered. Here are the words of Castlehaven:

The Catholics were urged into rebellion, and the Lords Justices were often heard to say that the more in rebellion, the more lands would be derived (or plundered) from them.

It was the old story; it was the old adage of James the First, "Root out the Catholics; root out the Irish; give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and immediately regenerate the land." Oh! from such regeneration of my own or any other land or people, O Lord, deliver us! This rebellion, says Mr. Froude, began in massacre, and it ended in ruin. It ended in ruin the most terrible, and if it began in massacre, you must, Mr. Froude, acknowledge that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen and co-religionists. Then having come to this pass in regard to this matter, it must be understood to be a war between the Puritans and Protestants of Ulster and other parts of Ireland, the former being aided by constant resources—in the way of armies—who came over to them from England. It was a war that continued for eleven years. It was a war in which the Irish chieftains held the destiny of the nation in their own hands.

THEY WERE OBLIGED TO FIGHT.

and fight like men, in order to try and achieve a better destiny and a better future for their people. Who can say that the Irish chieftains did not hold the destinies of Ireland in their hands during those nine years or more, when they had to fight against hostile forces, one after the other, that came successively against them, inflamed with religious bigotry, hatred and enmity that the world has scarcely ever seen the like of? Then Mr. Froude adds that these were years of anarchy and slaughter. Let us see what evidence history has of the facts.

They (the bishops) were called together in a synod on the 18th of May, 1642. The bishops of all Ireland joined and met together, and they founded what is called the Confederation of Kilkenny. Among other members selected they (the English rulers) selected for a Supreme Council three archbishops, two bishops, four lords and fifteen commoners. These men were to meet and to remain in permanent session, "to watch over the country, make its laws, watch over the army, and, above all, they were to prevent cruelty, robbery or murder." A regular government was formed. They

ACTUALLY ESTABLISHED A MINT.

and coined money for the Irish nation, and they established an army under Lord Mount Cashel, Lord Preston, and afterward under the command of the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill.

It is true that during the first months they gained some success. Many of the principal cities in Ireland opened their gates to them. The garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter, and their opponents who laid down their arms were saved. Not a drop of unnecessary blood was shed by the Irish. In reference to that Supreme Council, I defy any man to say (to prove) that there was a single act of that Supreme Council for the purpose of promoting bloodshed or slaughter.

Now, after a few months of success, the armies of the Confederation experienced some reverses. The English armies came upon them, and the command was given to Sir Charles Coote, and I want to read some of that gentleman's exploits for

you. Sir Charles Coote's exploits in Ireland are described by Clarendon in these words:

Sir Charles, besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf at that time, did massacre sixteen of the town's people, men and women, besides sucking infants, and in that very same week fifty-six men, women and children in the village of Bullock, being frightened at what was done at Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers who came out from Dublin under command of Col. Clifford. Being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were overtaken and thrown overboard.

Sir William Borlase advised the Governor, Sir Charles Coote, that the Irish were burning the corn, and he gave men, women and children to the sword; and Sir Anthony Loftus wrote of the same fact at the time. Well,

THIS PRECIOUS DOCUMENT

has the following. This is it:

It is resolved that it is fit, (and mind this is authenticated by the Earl of Ormond) that his Lordship doth endeavor to wound, kill, slay, and destroy, by all the ways and means that he may, all the said rebels, their adherents and relatives, and burn, spoil, waste, consume, destroy, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the rebels are or have been relieved or harbored, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting capable of bearing arms. Given at the Castle of Dublin on the 23d day of February, 1641, and signed by six precious names.

Listen to this: "Sir Anthony Loftus, Governor of Naas, marched out with a force of horse. He was met on the way, and joined by the Marquis of Ormond, and they both together killed such of the Irish as they met, and did not stop to inquire whether they were rebels or not."

But the most considerable slaughter was where the people were driven to the furze, having been alarmed by the wholesale massacre going on around them. Now, Sir Anthony having discovered that the people had taken refuge in the furze, set fire to it on all sides where the people were, and burned men, women and children. "I saw," said Castlehaven, "the bodies amidst the furze while burning."

In the year 1641-42, many thousands of poor, innocent people of the county of Dublin, fearing the rage of the English soldiery, endeavored to escape, and as many as endeavored to escape and were arrested

WERE BURNED.

Seven thousand of our people, men, women and children, without discrimination, were destroyed by these demons. We find also that there was a law made that if any Irishmen were found on board ships by his Majesty's cruisers, they were to be destroyed. "The Earl of Warrmouth" (this is also in Clarendon's account) "as often as he met an Irish frigate, took all the seamen prisoners who belonged to the nation of Ireland, and taking them on deck, threw them overboard into the sea, without distinction as to their condition, if they were only Irishmen. In this manner many poor men perished day after day, all of which the King knew nothing, because his Majesty could not complain of it without being concerned in favor of the rebellious in Ireland."

Again, the Marquis of Ormond sent Capt. Anthony Willoughby, with 150 men, to look after the Irishmen who were in the service of the King and actually fought for him. They were all taken by Capt. Squarley, who

THREW THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OVERBOARD,

although these same soldiers had faithfully served his Majesty against the rebels during the time of the war. You will ask me: Was that Captain punished for the slaughter—the inhuman butchery? Here is the punishment he got. In June, 1864, we read, in the journals of the English House of Commons, that Capt. Squarley had given to him by the English House of Commons £200 in gold, and Capt. Smith had £100 given him. Sir Richard Greenville was very much esteemed by the Earl of Leicester, because he plundered the Irish and found among them less property than he expected. In a word he committed atrocities which I am ashamed and afraid to mention. They (the soldiers) tossed the infants taken from their dead mothers' bosom on their bayonets; and it was a common thing to throw children into the air and for the soldier to spit them with his bayonet, and he loved and enjoyed such frolic. They brought the children into the world before their time by a Cæsarian process, and brought the poor, helpless infant thereby from its mother's womb to death,

AN APPALLING DEATH,

while the dead mother they immolated and sacrificed in a most cruel and terrible manner.

Yes, such are the facts, my friends; I am afraid—I say again I am afraid to tell you the hundredth part of the cruelties those terrible men, put by them upon our race. Now, I ask you to compare this with the manner in which the Irish troops behaved. A garrison of 700 English surrendered at Naas, and the Irish commandant surrendered them up, unharmed and uninjured, on condition that under the like circumstances the English would do the same thing with him. An Irish party capitulated a few days afterward. The Governor of the town and all the party were arrested and put to death. Sir Charles Coote, coming into Munster, slaughtered every man, woman and child he met on his march, and among others was Philip Ryan, whom he put to death without the slightest hesitation. This occurs in Cart's life of Ormond. Great numbers of the English, miraculously preserved in those days through the instrumentality of the Irish, were suffered to go into the county of Cork by the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants of Cashel.

In 1649, Cardinal Renocini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the Supreme Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny, and about the same time news came to Ireland that

THE ILLUSTRIOUS OWEN ROE O'NEILL

had landed in Ireland on the coast of Ulster. This man was one of the most distinguished officers in the Spanish service at the time when the Spanish infantry were acknowledged to be the finest troops in the world. He landed in Ireland, organized an army; drilled them and he met Gen. Monroe on the Blackwater. The battle raged through the early hours of the day, and before evening, England's army was flying in confusion, and her vast array of soldiers were stretched on the field and darkened the plains of Benburb, while the Irish soldiery stood triumphant on the field on which it had shown its valor and won its victory. Partly through the treachery of Ormond and

Preston, and mainly through the agency of the English lords who were coquetting with the English Government, the Confederation suffered the most disastrous defeats, and Ireland's cause was already broken and all but lost, when, in the year 1649, Oliver Cromwell landed in Ireland. Mr. Froude says, and truly, that he did not come to make war with rose-water, but with the thick, warm blood of the Irish people. And Mr. Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland by telling us that the Lord Protector was a great friend of Ireland, that he was a liberal-minded man, and intended to interfere with no man's liberty of conscience; and he adds that:

"IF CROMWELL'S POLICY WERE CARRIED OUT in full, probably I would not be here speaking to you of our difficulties with Ireland to-day." He adds, moreover, that Cromwell had formed a design for the pacification of Ireland which would have made future troubles there impossible. What was this design? Lord Macaulay tells what this design was. Cromwell's avowed purpose was to end all difficulties in Ireland, whether they arose from the land question or from the religious question, by putting a total and entire end to the Irish race by extirpating them off the face of the earth. This was an admirable policy for the pacification of Ireland and the creation of peace; for the best way and the simplest way to keep any man quiet is to cut his throat. The dead do not speak; the dead do not move; the dead do not trouble any one; and Cromwell came to destroy the Irish race and the Irish Catholic faith, and so put an end at once to all claims for land and to all disturbances arising out of religious persecutions.

But I ask this learned gentleman, (Mr. Froude) does he imagine that the people of America are either so ignorant or so wicked as to accept the monstrous proposition that the man who came into Ireland with such a purpose as this can be declared the friend of the real interests of the Irish people? Does he imagine that there is no intelligence in America, that there is no manhood in America, that there is no love for freedom, for religion and for life in America? And a man must be an enemy of freedom, of religion and of life itself before he can sympathize with

BLOOD-STAINED OLIVER CROMWELL.

Mr. Froude says the Lord Protector did not interfere with any man's liberty of conscience. "Interfere with no man's conscience," says Cromwell; "but if by conscience you Catholics mean having priests and the Mass, you will never have them so long as England has power." Mr. Froude says:

I acknowledge the mass is a beautiful rite, ancient and beautiful, but you must remember that in Cromwell's day the mass meant the system that was shedding blood all over Europe, the system of the church that never knew mercy, and therefore he was resolved to have none of it.

Ah! my friends, if the mass was the symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the mass. And so the historian seeks to justify cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics, by alleging cruelty on the part of Catholics against their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands.

The blood that was shed in Ireland at this particular time was shed exclusively on account of religion; for when in 1643 Charles I made a treaty or a cessation of hostilities with the Irish through the Confederation of Kilkenny, the English Parliament, as soon as they heard that the King had ceased hostilities for a time with his Irish Catholic subjects, at once came in and said that

THE WAR MUST GO ON;

we won't allow hostilities to cease; we must root out these Irish papists, or else we will incur danger to the Protestant religion. I regret to say, my Protestant friends, that the men of 1313, the members of the Puritan Houses of Parliament in England, have fastened upon that form of religion which you profess the formal argument and reason why Irish blood should flow in torrents—lest the Protestant religion might suffer. In these days of ours, when we are endeavoring to put away all sectarian bigotry, we deplore the faults committed by our fathers on both sides. Mr. Froude deplores that blood that was shed as well as I do; but, my friends, it is a historical question, arising upon historic facts and evidence, and I am bound to appeal to history as well as my learned antagonist, and to discriminate and put back the word which he puts out, that toleration is the genius of Protestantism. He asserts—and it is an astounding assertion—in this his third lecture, that religious persecution was hostile to the genius of Protestantism. I wish that the learned gentleman's statement could be proved. Oh, how much I desire that in saying these words he had spoken the strict truth! No doubt he believed what he said.

All this I say with regret. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest, not only a priest, but a monk, not only a monk, but a Dominican monk, and from out of the depths of my soul, I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution of any kind, in any land.

OLIVER CROMWELL,

the apostle of blessings to Ireland, landed in 1649, and went to work. He besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and a brave garrison. When he made a breach in the walls, and when the garrison found that their position was no longer tenable, they asked in the military language of the honors of war if they were to be murdered. Cromwell promised to grant them quarter, if they would lay down their arms. They did so, and the promise was kept, until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands, Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for the indiscriminate massacre of the garrison, and every man, woman, and child in that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers, slaying around them on every side, when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days, flocked, to the number of one thousand aged men, women, and children, and took refuge in the great church of St. Peter's in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his soldiers around that church, and out of that church he never let one of those thousand innocent persons escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford, where a certain commander named Stratford delivered the city over to him. He massacred the people there also. Three hundred of the women of Wexford, with their little children, gathered around the great market cross in the great public square of the city. They thought in their hearts that, cruel as he was, he would respect the sign of

man's redemption, and spare those who were collected around it. How vain the thought! Three hundred, poor defenseless women, screaming for mercy

UNDER THE CROSS OF JESUS CHRIST,

Cromwell and his barbarous demons slaughtered without permitting one to escape, until they were ankle-deep in the blood of the women of Wexford.

Cromwell retired from Ireland, after he had glutted himself with the blood of the people, winding up his work by taking 80,000, and some say 100,000, of the men of Ireland, and driving them down to the south ports of Munster, where he shipped them—80,000 at the lowest calculation—to the sugar plantations of the Barbadoes, there to work as slaves; and in six years from that time, such was the treatment that they received, that out of 80,000 there were only twenty men left. He also collected six thousand Irish boys, fair, and beautiful stripling youths, put them on board ships, and sent them off also to the Barbadoes, there to languish and die, before they came to manhood. Great God! is this the man that has an apologist in the learned, the frank, the courteous and gentlemanly historian, who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends to Ireland!

THE PACIFIC COAST.

HEAVY frosts have visited Gilroy lately.

A BOY weighing fourteen pounds was born near Fruit Vale last week.

THE whooping cough is causing the little people of Vallejo to hoop terribly.

THE diamond excitement is by no means abated in Butte County. The *Record* says one hundred and fifty genuine diamonds have been found.

THE new tracks of the California Pacific Railroad are nearly all laid across the swampy tracts of Yolo County, and will be in running order in about one week.

CONGRESS, it is said, will be asked to look after the welfare of Alaska. The denizens of that hyperborean territory, or, at least, a portion of them, complain bitterly of the Seal Fishery Company. This corporation they charge with usurping an aggressive rule, crushing out all competition in trade, and ruling the land over which their chartered sway extends with a rod of iron.

A LADY recently lost herself in the streets of San Diego. The *World* says this was owing to the size of the town, but a private note from the lady informs the editor that she would have got along well enough if she could have seen from one house to another.

WE were shown, by Mr. P. A. Stine, a few days since, a number of samples of cotton grown by him, the present season, on different varieties of soil, comprising about all that are found in the alluvial portion of the Great Valley. They were all good, although differing somewhat in quality. But the best sample, decidedly, was grown on a piece of ground so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be unproductive for ordinary crops. Apart from the fact of the staple being longer and finer, Mr. Stine mentions the no less important one, that it matured much sooner and a greater number of bolls to the stalk than that planted in what is considered our best soil.

DIAMONDS IN BUTTE COUNTY. — The Butte *Record* of November 30th says: "The Cherokee diamonds were tested years ago, by George E. Smith, then a dweller and jeweler in Oroville, as well as by other parties, and were pronounced genuine. Some five years since, we were shown one that had been purchased by Brandreth, an insurance agent, for the sum of \$60. Charles Duret, of Cherokee, also had one or two, some years since. On a recent visit to Cherokee, we were shown two diamonds, by Louis Glass, of the Spring Valley Canal and Mining Company, which he had found in the black sand thrown out from cleaning up gold washings in placer mining operations. About 150 stones have been sent below, all of which were pronounced genuine."

TOM MACHELL, the celebrated quartz and diamond hunter, has had the fortune to discover the first diamond of note in Tuolumne County. It is represented to be of very large size, and of a beautiful light, though in its rough dress. Tom says there is no humbug in this discovery; if the fact be doubted, he is willing to receive wagers and to produce the real diamond. He found it in Bald Mountain region, so famous for deposits of valuable minerals. Diamonds of small size are not a new thing in Tuolumne. Several have been found on Jackass Hill, near Tuttletown, at some of the Stanislaus River diggings, and one found at Springfield. Mr. Robert Towle, jeweler, of this city, has several in his possession, and the curious may go and learn for themselves—to see them and ascertain the localities where they were discovered.—*Tuolumne Independent*.

THE Indian troubles in the Lake country are causing great excitement in Yreka. A party of twelve armed men started yesterday morning to assist the settlers. Another party is organizing and will start to-morrow. A letter from John A. Fairchilds, dated yesterday, from Butte Creek, confirms the report received via Ashland, and

says a messenger reached his place from Linkville, reporting that all the settlers on the river are killed. It is said that eighty young warriors, well armed, are in the field, and but thirty-five soldiers at Fort Klamath to fight them. The friendly Indians are coming to the settlement from the Modocks, who are on the war-path. Fairchilds and another man were going to the place of hostilities yesterday, and would probably return to his place to-morrow.—*Post, Dec. 3.*

FROM REGAL STATE TO POVERTY.—The friendless man who lay down in a garden at Oakland, on Sunday evening last, and died, was identified as Otto Muller, a native of Hanover, aged about fifty years. He had been searching about the city for employment, and had been noticed by those whom he accosted as a man of fine address, and evidently well educated. Yesterday, a resident of San Francisco called upon the Coroner at Oakland, and recognized the remains as those of Otto Muller. He stated that deceased had been stopping at his house; that he was at one time, many years ago, one of the secretaries to the King of Hanover, but lost his position, and came to the United States. He had been in the receipt of a pension from the Government of his native land, but lately has been in want. Dr. Van Wyck made a post-mortem examination, and found that the cause of death was congestion of the lungs, the result of exposure to cold and wet. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony. The body will be buried at the expense of the Prussian Consul.

THE formal inauguration of the new Sisters' Hospital on Grand Avenue, on the 8th prox., will be a great event in the ecclesiastical annals of our city. The old hospital on Fourth and Spruce was once the greatest establishment of its kind in the West; now it is almost an incumbrance to the least fashionable portion of the town. The Sisters of Charity arrived here in 1828, and in Nov., 1831, Bishop Rosati laid the corner-stone of the old hospital. Of the first colony, one only remains, Sister Dominic. The community is and has been, for the twenty-eight years, under the control of Sister Alexis. The new building, with the ground, will cost in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million of dollars. The occasion of the laying of the new corner-stone will be availed by our generous Catholic fellow-citizens, to testify to the good Sisters, the high esteem in which they hold them. They will bear in mind that more than half of the inmates of the Sisters' Hospital are, and have, ever been, charity patients. The immense cost of the new undertaking will make it necessary to call upon the aid of our people. Give the good Sisters a handsome testimonial.

SISTER EUGENIA.

ANOTHER loved one taken from our earthly home, in the person of our dear Sister Eugenia. Sister Eugenia Magennis was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1809. She was still very young when her parents emigrated to America, and took up their residence in the city of Baltimore. Though it were scarcely possible that she could retain any recollections of the land of her birth, it was always with a just pride she spoke of the "Island of Saints." From her earliest years she was actuated by the fervent desire of devoting herself unreservedly to God, in the person of the poor, and for this purpose repaired to Emmitsburg, at the age of nineteen. Her child-like docility and simple faith were the edification of all who came in contact with her. Endowed with an admirable tact of gaining the confidence and affection of all who came in her way, she made use of it but to draw their souls more effectually to God. The love of the poor was her ruling virtue, and in their behalf she never failed to solicit assistance from those whom God blessed with the goods of this world. An abandoned child, a poor outcast, or a friendless wanderer, was sure to receive special attention from good Sister Eugenia. Even in passing along the streets, a kind word, or, at least, a pleasant smile from her greeted those whom no else seemed to recognize. Her charity could not permit that an unkind word be said of the absent, and she was always ready to excuse the person when it was evident that the frailty of human nature had really succumbed. Duties, the most revolting to natural feelings, were generously undertaken when relief could be afforded to the indigent, solace to the weary, or comfort to the distressed.

St. Louis, New Orleans, Detroit, and latterly, San Francisco and Los Angeles, were, severally, the scenes of her labors. Sister Eugenia was everywhere characterized by the noble virtues that adorned her career in California. She was destined to find her last resting-place on the golden shores that, twelve years ago, attracted her charity.

During the illness which closed her mortal career, all around her were edified by her meekness and resignation; frequent ejaculations, or short sighs of the soul to God, were, even in her last moments, the constant occupations of her mind. She had requested the Sisters around her, when she became too weak, not to fail to recite for her the "Memorare," to invoke the protection of the Queen of Angels, devotion to whom, imbibed in childhood from fond and devoted parents, had strengthened with her years. Her unbounded charity to suffering humanity had procured her a peaceful and happy departure out of this world, on the 28th of November. At her death she was sixty-three years of age, forty-four of which had been unreservedly devoted to the service of God, in the person of the poor, and the salvation of her own soul.

Since charity to the poor will merit, here and hereafter, the hundred-fold promised by our beneficent Redeemer, Sister Eugenia, we fondly trust, enjoys the beatific vision of Him, to whom she often administered, in the despoiled of this world. Dear, kind Sister Eugenia, may my death be like yours!

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARBAGH.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
This floral queen in its blooming scene,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice;
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground?
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
Grow lively and lovely around.
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard of the tale of the Pelican,
The Arab's *Gimel el Bahr*,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their food,
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise?
The blood of its bosom, and, feeding them, dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave;
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the still, still even,
Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven:
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the Cross,
And die for the love of His foes?
O, Prince of the noble! O sufferer Divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine?

Have you heard the tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the holy and true?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew;
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the fear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Savior hath told you, the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear,
By death comes life, by loss comes gain—
The joy for the fear, the peace for the pain.

IN MEMORIAM.

The young, the pure, the beautiful, are flowers
God loves to gather for His heavenly bowers.

ANNA.

THE gentle, gifted and beautiful daughter of the late lamented and esteemed Dr. O'Brien, after a painful and lingering illness, borne with patient resignation, and aided by the sacred ministries of our Holy Religion, yielded her pure, young soul into the hands of her Creator on the morning of Saturday, the 23d inst., and on the 25th, her mortal remains were conveyed to Santa Clara, followed by a mournful cortege of bereaved kindred and weeping friends. Immediately after the hearse walked in procession the Sodality and pupils of the senior class of Notre Dame; of both she was, in life, a bright and beloved member; and in death her memory is embalmed in the tears, prayers and affection of pupils and teachers, whose hearts are stirred alike by tenderest sympathy for her bereaved mother and kindred, and by sorrow for the pure, beautiful life whose sunshine is lost to earth.

Lost to earth only to shine more refulgently where she beholds God "face to face," and amid the joys of reunion with the loved ones "gone before," in the Home of her Eternity, prays and waits for the mourning friends she has left behind her in this valley of tears.

"PATER, IN MANUS TUAS."

O our sweet Saviour! to Thy tender keeping
We yield our cherished dead,
Upon the bosom of Thy mercy sleeping
We pillow her young head.

Clad in the livery of Thine own dear Mother,
We lay her down to rest;
The name her heart held dearer than all other
Agile upon her breast.

Her tender trust, and faith, and love professing,
Beyond life's latest breath,
Her fingers clasping as with mute caressing
Her Rosary still in death.

O precious *avve!* that in hours of trial,
Pain-wrung and sanctified,
Fell from her lips into the Angel's vial,
Pearls from life's dark sea-tide.

Pearls that we feel Thy heart, dear Lord, is keeping
To crown in Heaven the brow
Of, her above, whose coffin form we're weeping
In stricken anguish now.

Thus, though our sorrowing hearts are well-nigh breaking,
It comforts us the while,
To think how sweet will be her blest awaking
Beneath Thy loving smile!

To think no more, no more her soul will languish
In weariness of pain,
Through days of suffering, nights of sickening anguish,
Longing for rest in vain!

To think that though our eye may ne'er behold her
In this sad world below,
That Thy eternal arms of love enfold her,
Safe from all sin, or woe.

O Father—love! so warm, and true, and tender,
Yet seemingly severe,
Forgive—the only homage we can render—
The moan, the sigh, the tear.

Thou who hast framed us, knowest our human weakness,
Can rudely stricken keys
Of hearts swept by the sense of sorrow's bleakness
Yield other sounds than these?

'Till Thou hast touched them with Thy gentle fingers,
And, with "the Masters'" skill,
Drowned every discord, till there only lingers
The strain of Thy sweet will.

'Till resignation, with its peace, descending
Still, as we work and pray,
Shall sing us anthems of the joys unending
Our loved one knows to-day.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
San Jose, November, 1872.]

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

The *Colusa Sun*, speaking of the marriage of a couple at that place, on Thursday of last week, says: "Thursday evening another of our club of young bachelorhood was united in holy wedlock, to one of Marysville's fair and blushing bells. Between the hours of seven and eight, we wended our footsteps toward the Catholic Church, where the ceremony was to be performed, both parties being of that sublime faith. The edifice was densely thronged with the invited guests, and brilliantly illuminated. The Altar, graced with beautiful flowers and radiant with the light of numberless waxen tapers, presented a most beautiful and attractive appearance. Before it knelt the happy couple, the groom attired in his shining broadcloth, the young and pretty bride handsomely robed in spotless white, crowned with orange blossoms, fair symbols of her girlhood's purity. Rev. Father Kelly, pastor of Marysville, officiated, and in his richly melodious and sonorous voice, read the marriage ritual that made them one, giving them exhortations which were of a most impressive character, and made us feel that those who proved faithful to such beautiful and sacred precepts could not be otherwise than happy in the new path they had chosen.

It is reported that General Duerot is summoned to Versailles to reply to an accusation that he is preparing his troops to act hostile to the Government in case of a crisis. The *Journal des Debats* says that the fact that Duerot is in possession of an important command is not reassuring to those fearing a *coup d'etat*.

[Births Marriages and Deaths will be inserted free of charge, and our friends will please send them in to us. Such announcements must be accompanied by a responsible name.—ED. GUARDIAN.]

MARRIED.

MACDERMOT—MAIN—At the Grand Hotel, December 4th, by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, Charles Francis MacDermot to Flora Bella, only daughter of Charles Main, ali of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—Extra ranges from \$4 7½ to \$5 37½ according to brand, terms of sale, etc.
WHEAT—Fair to choice grades are quotable at \$1 70 to \$1 75.
BARLEY—We quote choice coast at \$1 30 per cbl.
OATS—Choice kinds are held at \$2 25; other descriptions, \$1 80.
HAY—From \$14 to \$22 per ton will cover all kinds.
ONIONS—Quotable at \$3 75 per cbl.
POTATOES—Red, 110¢; 45; Sweet, \$1 100 lbs; Humboldt at 1 37½ per 100 lbs.
BRAN—Selling for \$26 50 per ton from mills.
MIDDINGS—Mill price is \$30 per ton.
CORN—Quotable at \$1 25 to \$1 30 per cbl.
OIL CAKE MEAL—\$1 35 per ton from mills.
CORNMEAL—Quotable at 20¢ to 22¢ per lb, jobbing.
SEEDS—Flax, 30¢; Canary, jobbing at 40¢; Mustard, 10¢; 30¢; as to kind.
BEANS—We quote Bayo at \$1 12½ to \$1 35; Small White \$3 25; Pea, \$3 12½ to \$3 25; Butter, \$3 25 to \$3 50, after for choice large; Pink, \$3.
HONEY—In comb, 10¢ to 23¢, as to kind and quality, latter for choice new San Diego; strained, 10¢ to 15¢; Los Angeles comb, in 2 lb tins, \$3 75 to \$4 per doz; do strained in bulk, 11¢ to 15¢ per lb.
BEESWAX—Quiet at 35¢ per lb.
VEGETABLES—Chili Peppers, 30¢ per lb for small and 50¢ for String Beans, 5¢; Cabbage, 50¢ to 60¢ per 100 lbs; Peas, 70¢ per lb; Green Okra, 40¢; Garlic, 50¢; Lima Beans, 8½¢.
FRUIT—Limes, \$8 to \$12 50 per 1000; Bananas \$2 to \$4 per bunch; Figs, 8¢ per lb; Plums, 70¢, accord; to variety; Peas, 50¢ to 75¢ per box for cooking, and \$1 50 to \$2 for eating; Apples, cooking, 60¢ to 150¢ per box; do eating, \$1 to \$1 50; Grapes, Rose of Peru, 40¢; Black Hamburg, 50¢; Muscat, 40¢; Tokay, 70¢; Black Morocco, 100¢; 12¢; Native, 10¢; Sweet-water, 2¢; Isabella, 6¢; Watermelons, \$6 to \$8 per one hundred; Cantaloupes, \$7 to \$8 per 100; Sicily Lemons, \$13 to \$15 per box; Quinces, \$2 to \$2 25 per box; Tahiti Oranges, \$50 per M; Malaga Lemons, \$10 to \$12 per box; Cranberries, \$13 to \$14 per bbl; Mexican Pineapples, \$6 per dozen; Strawberries, 15¢ per lb.
DRIED FRUITS—California are jobbing as follows: Apples, 70¢ per lb; Peaches, 80¢; 11¢; peeled do, 20¢ to 22¢; Pears, 80¢ to 100¢ for peeled; Plums, 60¢; 8¢; pitted, do, 18¢ to 25¢; Figs, 10¢ to 12¢; Nectarines, 11¢ to 12½¢; Grapes, 50¢ to 70¢; Raisins, \$3 25 to \$4 per box.
PROVISIONS—Eastern sugar-cured Hams are jobbing at 18¢ to 20¢; do, extra light Breakfast Bacon, 14¢ to 15¢, and heavy to medium, 12¢ to 13½¢; California Hams, 16¢ to 17¢; California Bacon, 13½¢ to 15¢; Eastern Lard, 11¢ to 12¢, for tierces and kegs, and 12½¢ to 13½¢ for caddies; California do, 11¢ to 12¢ as to pkg; California Smoked Beef, 12½¢ to 14¢.
DAIRY PRODUCE—Choice to fancy Butter, 50¢ to 65¢; fair to good, 40¢ to 55¢; pickled 30¢ to 40¢; new, in firkin, sells at 15¢ to 35¢ per lb; Eastern firkin, 20¢ to 30¢; Western do, 15¢ to 20¢; California Cheese, 10¢ to 15¢, latter for fancy dairy; Eastern, 14¢ to 17½¢, latter for New York State Factory.
EGGS—California are quotable at 55¢ to 57½¢ per dozen.
POULTRY—Hens, \$7 to \$8 per doz; Roosters, \$6 to \$8; Broilers, \$4 to \$5; Ducks, \$9 50 to \$10 50; Turkeys, 17¢ to 19¢ per lb; Geese, \$4 50 per pair.
GAME—Venison, 80¢ to 100¢ per lb at wholesale; Quail \$2 to \$2 12½ per doz.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

AT this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and innuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn that mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among Catholics. It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it

is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropriate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine."

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, he urges them to "Leave nothing untried by which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path."

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

OFFICERS:

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
W. S. GREEN, Secretary.
JOHN KELLY, Jr., Treasurer.

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JOHN KELLY, Jr.

A NEW FEATURE FOR 1873.

UNPARALLELED PREMIUM! ONE NEVER OFFERED BY ANY PUBLISHER, EITHER IN THIS COUNTRY OR IN EUROPE! RAPHAEL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO!"

A SPLENDID engraving; not a cheap colored picture; but a really beautiful work of art, and an exact fac-simile of the original painting.

The publishers of the GUARDIAN are determined to give to their patrons not only the best Catholic paper in America, but, in addition to this, they have made arrangements to give to every subscriber, for the year 1873, a beautiful and faithful engraving of the greatest and most celebrated painting in the world—Raphael's master-piece—known as "The Madonna di San Sisto." We need not inform our Catholic readers that the Madonna has been, from the earliest ages of Christian art, a favorite subject of the pencils of the great masters. The grandest success, however, has been achieved by Raphael, in whose pictures of the Madonna there prevails now the loving Mother, now the ideal of feminine beauty, until in that of St. Sixtus, he reaches the most glorious representation of the "Queen of Heaven."

This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of \$5 for the GUARDIAN, or \$6 for the GUARDIAN and *Irish World*, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and paying for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

THE IRISH WORLD.

OUR arrangements to club with the *Irish World*, the very best Irish paper published in America, have been entirely completed. We are enabled to furnish the GUARDIAN and the *World*, by carriers, to city subscribers at fifty cents per month of four weeks. The GUARDIAN to country subscribers, by mail, is five dollars per annum; but we can furnish both papers for six dollars. This, we are satisfied, is cheaper than the same amount and character of reading matter can be had elsewhere.

C. P. R. R.

Commencing Monday, August 26, 1872
and, until further notice, Trains
and Boats will leave San
Francisco.

7.00 A. M.—Atlantic Express Train (via Oakland)
for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding and
Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.15 A. M.—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broad-
way Wharf)—Connecting, at Vallejo, with
Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento;
making close connection at Napa with Stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M.—S. F. & N. P. R. R. Steamer (from
Broadway Wharf)—Connecting at Dona-
hue with Trains for Cloverdale; making close con-
nection at Lakeville with stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M.—Stockton Steamer (from Broadway
Wharf)—Touching at Vallejo, Benicia and
Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M.—San Jose Passenger Train, (via Oak-
land) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M.—Passenger Train (via Oakland) for
Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Tipton and Los
Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M.—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broad-
way Wharf)—Connecting at Vallejo with
Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M.—Sacramento Steamer (from Broad-
way Wharf)—Touching at Benicia and
Landings on the Sacramento River.

6.30 P. M.—Overland Emigrant Train (via Oak-
land). Through Freight and Accommo-
dation.

TRAINS AND BOATS ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO

From Sacramento and Way Stations, via Vallejo 12:00
A. M., and 8:40 P. M.
Sacramento, via Oakland, 2:20 P. M., and 8:45 P. M.
San Jose, via Oakland, 10:40 A. M.
San Jose (Southern Pacific) 8:50 and 10:10 A. M., and
5:50 P. M.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A. M.; 12:10, 1:50, 3:00,
4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and 11:30 P. M. (9:20, 12:20
and 3:00, to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN—5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00, 11:00
A. M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and 10:10 P. M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:00 and
11:10 A. M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and
10:20 P. M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.—
7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M.
(7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS—3:45, 7:00 and 10:45 A. M. and
3:30 P. M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE—4:40, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A. M.
1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P. M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, A. N. TOWNE,
Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule—Commencing Sept. 15th, 1872.

TRAINS SOUTH.	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave—			
San Francisco.....	8:40 A. M.	3:20 P. M.	4:40 P. M.
San Jose.....Arrive	11:10 A. M.	5:42 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
Gilroy.....Arrive	12:30 P. M.		
Pajaro.....Arrive	2:20 P. M.		
Castroville.....Arrive	3:05 P. M.		
Salinas.....Arrive	3:45 P. M.		
Hollister.....Arrive	2:40 P. M.		

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave—			
Hollister.....			11:05 A. M.
Salinas.....			10:00 A. M.
Castroville.....			10:40 A. M.
Pajaro.....			11:30 A. M.
Gilroy.....			1:10 P. M.
San Jose.....	10:50 A. M.	7:45 A. M.	2:31 P. M.
San Francisco Arrive	9:10 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	5:10 P. M.

* SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. †SUNDAYS excepted.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15
A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 4:25 P. M.
Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Fran-
cisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30
A. M.

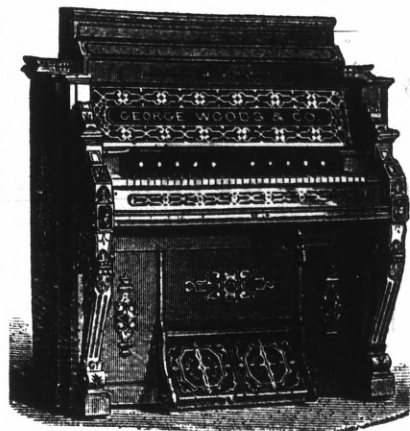
A. N. TOWNE, A. C. BASSETT,
Gen'l Superintendent. Ass't Superintendent.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

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CATHOLIC BOOK SELLER, 208 Kearny Street,
Cor. Sutter, has just received a fine stock of
Vestments, Holy Bibles, Remonstrances, Prayer Books,
Chalices, Pyxes, Missals and Breviaries, with a splendid
assortment of all the Catholic and Irish Books published
in the United States and Ireland; and a fine selection
of Velvet, Pearl and Ivory Prayer Books and all other
fine Catholic articles.

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Parlor and Vestry Organs.



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Beauty and Purity of Tone,

THEIR CHARMING SOLO STOPS

—AND—

ELEGANT DESIGN AND FINISH.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. PORTLAND, Or.

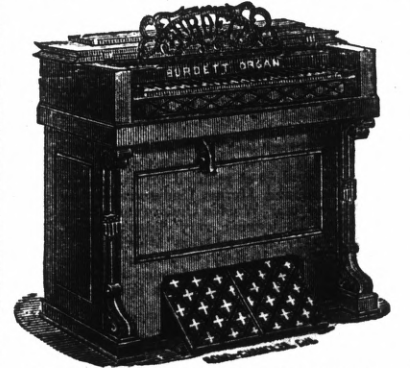
KEEP on hand at all times, the most complete stock
of Sheet-Music, Books, and Instruments, to be
found on the Coast.

COLLECTIONS OF CATHOLIC MUSIC,
MASSES, ETC., A SPECIALTY.



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ments mailed free, on application.
Just published, Gray's "Catalogue of Music for 1872."

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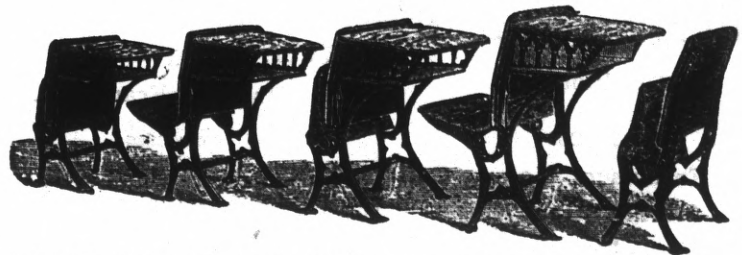
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the modern improvements, including their cele-
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MOVEMENTS.

Small organs on hand, completed, or nearly so, suit-
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lars, send for circular.

408 and 409 West Forty-second Street, near Ninth
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NEW GOTHIC SCHOOL DESKS AND SEATS.

With Curved Backs and Folding Curved Slats.



Perfectly Noiseless—Single and Double—five sizes. The most graceful, comfortable, substantial and economical
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HAVE an unrivalled reputation throughout the great
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of tone, perfect action, thorough workmanship, and on
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exhibition at our warehouses. Also the "AMERICAN
Piano-Forte, the GEORGI Piano-Forte, the "LIT-
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THE PRINCE ORGANS

are the most popular instruments made, for Parlor,
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assortment on hand.

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THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.



Patent Renewed on Perfection.

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WHEELER &
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will admit when they see the New Style, Silent, Adjust-
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overcome. Drawing the work while sewing, they only
require one hand and one foot to do any kind of work
perfectly.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTERS! If you want a Family
Sewing Machine, buy the WHEELER & WILSON.
Be sure you get a Wheeler & Wilson. Examine the
stamp upon the cloth plate; it should read: "Wheeler
& Wilson's Mfg Co. A. B. Wilson, Pat." Every Sew-
ing Machine should be sold on its own merits. Parties
endeavoring to palm off other Sewing Machines under
the great reputation of this machine, will be dealt with
according to law. Buy no family sewing machines of
traveling agents, unless they can show you a letter
signed "W. M. STODDARD, Agent for the Pacific
Coast," for said machines.

W. M. STODDARD,
Agent for the Pacific Coast
Office, No. 435 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

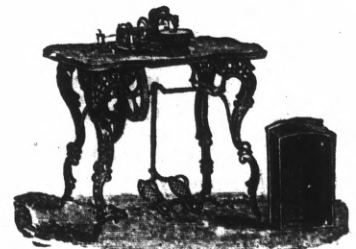
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IT DOES MORE WORK,
MORE KINDS OF WORK,
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IF THERE IS A FLORENCE SEWING MA-
chine, within one thousand miles of San Francisco,
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Send for Circulars and samples of the work.
Agents wanted in every place.

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And full and complete stock of
UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
The Largest Stock on the Pacific Coast. Call
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AND
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Every kind of Wall Paper Decoration made
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FARMS FOR SALE In Santa Cruz County.

A FARM CONTAINING THREE HUNDRED
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Also, a Farm of 200 acres. Hill lands. A very de-
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Also, several small tracts near town, suitable for
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Also, several desirable Dwelling Houses.
Also, unimproved Building Lots in Santa Cruz.
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IMPORTERS OF GAS FIXTURES, AND ALL
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Buildings fitted up with gas, water and steam pipes,
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deliers, Brackets, Pendants, Fancy Basins, Marble
Slabs, Copper Boilers, etc. Sole agents for the Pacific
Coast for the Improved Sun Burner and Ventilator, for
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Assets Exceed - - - \$1,000,000 Coin

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STATE INVESTMENT
AND
INSURANCE COMPANY.

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U. S. GOLD COIN, in 2,000 shares of \$100 each.
Payments in Four Installments, of Twenty-five (25) per cent. each, in Gold Coin. Fire, Marine and Inland Navigation Insurance.

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THOS. N. CAZNEAU, Marine Director
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THE LARGEST STOCK OF
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At the Lowest Market Rates.
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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office, or any reliable banking house; but this Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery.
The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit.
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OF
McLAUGHLIN & RYLAND,
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RECEIVE General and Special Deposits in Gold and Silver Currency. Deal in U. S. Bonds and Legal Tenders, and do a General Banking Business.

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Payable monthly in advance, for board, medicines, attendance, etc.

In the wards, per week, \$10 00
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Liquors and washing extra.
Confinement cases, \$10 00 extra.
Money always refunded in case a patient leaves before the expiration of the month.
Benevolent Societies are not required to pay in advance.

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CORNELIUS MALONEY - Proprietor.
(Late of the Franklin House.)

THE United States Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and fitted up in superior style, and the proprietor is now able to provide his patrons and the public with superior accommodations, on the most reasonable terms.

Board, per week, \$4 00
Board and Lodging, per week, \$5 00
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Parties who have sent to the States for friends, or who expect friends, will please notify C. Maloney, and he will attend to them on arrival, and forward them with due care to their destination. By this means much may be saved and much inconvenience avoided.
A Library is attached to the House for the use of its patrons; also, a fire-proof safe, where money and other valuables are taken charge of at the risk of the proprietors.
An omnibus, with the name of the Hotel thereon, will be at the wharf to convey passengers to the Hotel free of charge.

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LATEST NOVELTIES.

J. W. TUCKER & CO., Jewelers, Nos. 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, offer for the Holidays the largest and best selected stock of Fine Goods ever offered in this market or any other.

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PREPARATIONS

FOR A EIG

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J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.

606 Market Street,

HAVE just received forty cases of Foreign Goods, especially adapted for the present season, and consisting of the newest styles and best makes of

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BLANKETS,

FLANNELS,

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.

J. J. O'B & Co. respectfully invite all intending purchasers to read the following list of prices, and call to examine their fine fresh stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere, for, most assuredly, a large saving can be effected:

10 pieces fine satin-finished black Silk, \$2.50 per yard; actual value, \$3.50.
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Rich plain colored Silks, \$1.75 per yard; reduced from \$2.50.
20 pieces French striped Silks, reduced to half-price.
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6 cases new Japanese Silks, 50, 60, 75 and 87½ cents per yard.
120 pieces Japanese Poplins, 37½ cents per yard; reduced from 50 cents.
5 cases extra heavy Mohair Poplins, 25 cents per yard actual value 50 cents.
200 pieces black and colored Satin de Chine, 60 cents per yard; worth \$1.
Black and colored French Merinos, 62½ cents per yard; reduced from \$1.
2 cases Scotch Plaids, 25 cents per yard; beautiful colors.
200 Broche Shawls from \$8 upward.
500 very handsome striped Shawls from \$2.50 upward.

MOURNING GOODS.

Black Drap d'é, Poplin Alpacas,
Cashmere, Silk Alpacas,
Henrietta Cloth, Cretannes,
Bombazines, Foulards,
Biarritz Cloths.
A very nice Black Alpaca for 25 cents a yard.

On account of the reduction of Wool, we have reduced all our Woolen Goods fully 25 per cent. and are now prepared to offer all makes of

BLANKETS,

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At greatly reduced prices. Also Marseilles Spreads; Table linens, Napkins, Sheetings, Canton flannels and all makes of muslins at reduced prices. A fine line of Ladies' Gotton and Merino Underwear—very cheap; Men's Merino and Woolen Underwear—very cheap; Boy's Merino Underwear, very cheap; Misses' Merino Underwear, very cheap; Ladies' Misses' and Children's Cotton and Woolen Hosiery, very cheap; Ladies' Corsets from 25 cents upward; Ladies' soiled Kid Gloves, very cheap; Jouvin's colored and black Kid Gloves \$1.50 a pair.

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Everything necessary for funerals kept constantly on hand. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention, at moderate charges.
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STEAM CRACKER, CAKE and SHIP BISCUIT BAKERY, located at Nos. 803, 805 and 807 Battery Street, San Francisco.

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1120 & 1122 MARKET ST. bet., Fifth and Sixth, San Francisco,

(Running through the Block to Nos. 19 and 21 Turk St.)

Carriage and Coach Work of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.
Genuine imported Concord, Manchester, Dorchester and Portland Wagons constantly on hand and for sale.

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Millinery Emporium

134 Kearny Street.

One door from the corner of Sutter Street.

MRS. RIORDAN begs leave to inform the ladies of San Francisco that she has received the most elegant stock of Fall Fashions in Millinery Goods, consisting of the latest Paris and New York styles, which she herself selected with care. Please to examine her stock before purchasing elsewhere.